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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUL

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUL

BY ONE WHO HAS LIVED HIS LIFE

BY THE
REV. JAMES M'CANN, D.D.

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PREFACE

THE following pages were written in the intervals of sickness, after my life had been despaired of. I am thankful by the providence of God, and the good nursing of friends, that I have been spared a little longer to give at the age of seventy-eight many of the thoughts of a lifetime of scientific and theological study. I have always found that the one was handmaid to the other. The rays from both, focussed on the one point, made it brighter than it would have been in the rays of one light alone. I would advise every theological student to go through a course of experimental physics; for it will preserve him from making many a grossly absurd statement in the pulpit, and enable him to illustrate the word of God by the works of God, in a manner that would be otherwise impossible.

But on this subject a word of advice perhaps needs to be given. The older we grow the more we feel the necessity of there being a sufficient pause before leaving the study and taking up the pen to write, or entering the pulpit, or standing on the platform. We require time for mental assimilation and acquiring the art of lucidity of exposition. It is only one who

is really a master of his subject and has disciplined his mind and lived, so to speak, his own life who can treat with perfect simplicity of language scientific subjects or recondite and profound matters.

As from the necessity of the case I am writing away from all books, I plead this fact as an apology for any possible slight inaccuracy of quotation or omission to name references. I offer this short "Autobiography" to a generous public in the hope of a lenient judgment on account of its fragmentary character. Imperfect as the work may be, still I trust it may stimulate fresh thought and so aid the cause of truth.

J. M'C.

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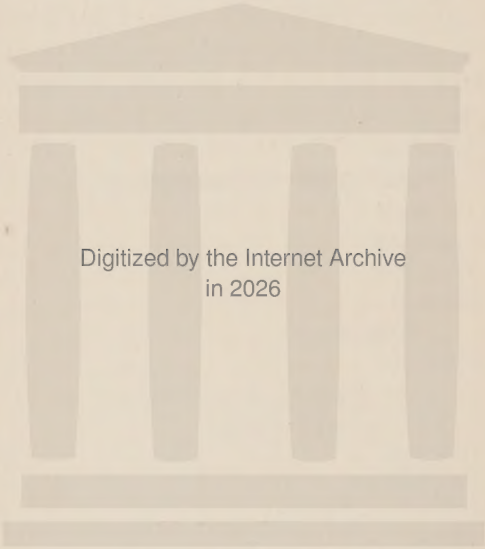
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Chapter I

MYSELF

I exist. Whatever else I doubt, and I doubt very many things, I cannot doubt this fundamental truth of my own existence. But what or who am I? I am to my existing self the most important fact in creation. Yet, stay; I am not so sure of that. A stone seems more important, at first, for it can drive me out of existence. Everything seems more important, for everything apparently could annihilate me. But could they really do so? They can undoubtedly destroy my body, but is that destroying Me? If *I am* a body, yes; if *I am not* a body, no. I have a body, but it is a wrong description of myself to say I am a body. I at once start with the assumption that I am a soul possessing a body. That assumption I shall have to prove by the facts of consciousness, which I have tried to learn in learning to know myself, for self-knowledge is the basis of all knowledge.

Important though it be that I should understand the modes of chemical affinity, of electric action, of astronomic motion, but how much more engrossing in interest are the questions: What am I? Am I only an organized lump of earth? Am I nothing

but a breathing mass of matter ? Or, am I a Spirit —distinct from the matter of my body—in essence, property and function ? How long am I to be ? Is my existence to cease for ever when my eyes close in death ? Or, am I to live in a future sphere of being, an immortal soul ? Can questions be proposed more absorbing than these ? On the answers given to them depend my estimate of my present position in creation and my eternal destiny.

These questions I hope to do my best to answer in the following pages. In doing so, I shall proceed as far as possible in the inductive method, letting the facts speak for themselves. My inferences regarding the unknown shall be based upon facts that are known.

For the purpose of lucidity, it may be well at the outset to define the difficult word " substance." This term may be regarded as referring to the noumenon of all phenomena ; or, in other words, to the basis of all that happens, whether we call it matter, or spirit, or soul. In this sense it is used of God in the Athanasian Creed. In the description of the Trinity it is said : " Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance." This is not an attempt to explain the nature of substance —that is impossible for any one. We can only say it is " that " which exists, which has power, and which is lasting. What lies behind the " that " is unknown and unimaginable.

Chapter II

MATERIALISM

We are now in a position to proceed to the question, *Am I a soul?* The Materialist says, "No. There is only one kind of substance in existence, and that is what we call matter, so that matter and its modes are accountable for all the phenomena of man and nature." His affections, his thoughts, his will are but modes of matter, as really such as the circulation of his blood, or the digestion of his food. The favourite plea of his is the great simplicity of this doctrine, as compared with that which holds two distinct and separate entities—namely, matter and spirit, body and soul. They say that spiritualists believe in two substances, one matter and the other spirit. The materialists affirm that they save themselves all complexity by believing that there is only one substance, that one being matter; and they adduce the maxim of Sir Isaac Newton, "That we are not to introduce more causes than are sufficient to explain appearances," a most valuable principle, and one with which I entirely agree.

Let me apply this to the case under discussion. There are, beyond all question, two totally distinct sets of properties—the properties of that which I

name matter, and the properties of that which I name spirit: the properties which are beyond consciousness, as inertia, and the properties which are within consciousness, as thought and feeling; and these two sets of *properties* are separated by the whole diameter of being. But does this necessitate the existence of two substances? I think not. Can we imagine anything more diverse than charcoal and the diamond? and yet they are not two but one substance; but one substance in two different states. Now I know nothing whatever about what matter is in itself, and I know just as little about what spirit is in itself. I do not know what the origin of spirit was; I do not know what the origin of matter was; but I do know that both had the same origin. In the beginning, God. No man can suggest any other origin that will bear the slightest investigation. Why should not God have invested some substance with one set of properties, and the same substance with another set of properties, thus giving to man a unity of substance, but a plurality of modes. I might almost describe man in the terms of God, as given in the Athanasian Creed: "Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance." Matter and soul have much in common. Soul must have extension as it moves from place to place.

Matter, when searched to its ultimate analysis, eludes our grasp, as was proved by Crookes in

his lectures on "Radiant Matter." He exhausted a small tube so thoroughly, that only a millionth part of the air was left in. There were a trillion molecules left in the tube. He electrically bored a microscopic hole in the tube. Suppose the molecule to be of such a size that at every second of time a hundred millions could enter. Suppose this glass tube had been pierced at the birth of the solar system. It would not be full yet, or for a million years to come! And yet the exhausted tube would be filled in half an hour. How is that? The size of the molecules would require to be diminished almost infinitely, and the molecules to troop in at the rate of something like 300 *trillions* a second! And yet I have not touched the borderland between matter and soul. I know that all substance, of whatever kind it is, had one and the same Author, because the correlation between them is so close. I wish, for example, to raise my arm. Now, the muscles and nerves of my arm cannot know of my wish, yet no sooner have I that wish, than the machinery of my arm somehow begins to work, and almost immediately my arm rises. Indeed, so close is this connexion, that materialists base their hypothesis on this one fact. Fritsch and Hitzig and Ferrier have proved that certain convolutions of the brain of a living animal may be electrically stimulated so as to produce in the animal various physical actions. One particular part of the brain

will, if stimulated, produce the attitude of resistance; and another part, if stimulated, will cause the feeling of fear. I admit most willingly that there is the closest relationship between soul and brain.

Every one of our senses bears witness to the same. We could not see without the eye, but it is not the eye that sees. It does not follow, therefore, that the brain and the soul are the same. We could not have organ music without an organ and organist, but yet organ and organist are quite distinct.

On the other hand, there is proof that the body and the soul are distinct and independent. If one hemisphere of the brain be removed, paralysis of the power of sensation and motion follows in one half of the body. But even when one hemisphere of the brain is removed, all the mental operations may yet be fully performed, and exhibit in completeness all their activities.

But leaving the mysteries of the nature of matter and soul to one side for the present, I proceed to furnish other reasons why I should not believe in materialism, or the affirmation of the existence of only one mode of substance, to be called matter; but affirm as well the existence of a second mode of substance, to be called soul or spirit.

I commence by asserting the existence of soul for the same reason that I assert the existence of matter. I find resisting my hand something which

is solid, extended, impenetrable, and this something I call matter. I find also a something which thinks, reflects, remembers, feels; this something I call soul. There is no resemblance whatever between the most of the properties peculiar to matter and those peculiar to soul. They are as widely apart as the whole diameter of being. Bain, in his *Body and Mind*, admits this. He says: "Mental states and bodily states are utterly contrasted; they cannot be compared; they have nothing in common except the most general of attributes." Yet he asserts that matter is a double-faced unity, physical on the one side and spiritual on the other! O materialist, great is thy faith! An atom of matter is a thing so small, that we cannot possibly imagine it, as has been shown; and yet one side is supposed to be material and the other spiritual; so that one side of this invisible little thing is extended and the other is not; one side is inert and the other is not; one side has form and the other has not. In short, whatever one side is, the other is not! And this is the sort of thing the materialist calls science!

Again, it is a recognized principle of science that there must be some congruity between a theory, and the fact it is put forth to explain. Were I to attempt the explanation of the phenomena of electricity by the principles of arithmetic, or the motion of the hands of a watch by the principles of music, the inherent folly would be at once apparent. You

cannot by any means apply the one to the elucidation of the other, their unfitness being at once apparent. So what congruity is there between thought, emotion, love and chemical affinity; cohesion, expansion, contraction? Even Tyndall admits that "molecular groupings and molecular motions explain nothing," and that "if love were known to be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and hate with a left-handed, we should be as ignorant as before as to the cause of the motion."

But of all the reasons for rejecting materialism, I think the strongest is my consciousness of my personal identity; that is, that I am conscious of being the same person all through life. I can remember the scenes of early boyhood; I can live in "the light of other days": *I* thrashed that fellow at school; *I* rowed in that boat-race, etc. No being on the face of the earth could persuade me that it was some other fellow who did what I remember having done myself. Nevertheless the matter of my body has changed many times since then. How, then, can the unchanged self be the changed body? Such an idea cannot be entertained.

The materialist meets this by saying that if a man has a scar in youth, the mark remains till age, because the atoms of fresh matter fall into the places and condition of the old. This is true as regards bodily forms, which are material; but what

relation this has to do with memory is a mystery not yet solved, and, according to Tyndall, insoluble. He admits that the manner of the connexion between matter and mind is unthinkable, and that " if we try to comprehend that connexion, we sail in a vacuum."

I therefore rule materialism out of court as an impossible hypothesis, without calling any more witnesses against, of which there are many.

As it is pleasant to be able to agree with one with whom I am frequently obliged to disagree, I gladly quote with thorough approval the words of Tyndall: " I have noticed (says the learned professor) during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigour that the doctrine (of materialistic atheism) commends itself to my mind; and that, in the presence of stronger and healthier thought, it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part."

Chapter III

NATURE OF THE SOUL

Having exposed the fallacies of materialistic fancies, I propose now to deal with some facts respecting my spiritual nature. Of course, from the nature of the subject and the limitation of one's powers and knowledge of the facts which I state, there may possibly be some fancies included. But I shall be careful to separate assured fact from supposed fact as far as I am able. In entering upon this field of investigation, my first duty is to define Soul, or answer the question, "What is the soul?" In answering this my appeal must be to *consciousness*, which is equivalent to absolute certainty. What I am conscious of, I *know* beyond the possibility of doubt. Mr. Bradlaugh and others have affirmed that this is not so. "If we go into a lunatic asylum we may find a man who is conscious of being Emperor of Morocco, but he is not anything of the sort." I reply that he is not conscious of anything so absurd, but he is conscious of the *belief* that he is, which is a very different matter, and is correct. It must be self-evident to every one, that

what we know, we know; if there be any doubt about the matter it is not knowledge. We know everything of which we are conscious, so that consciousness is the basic operation of the soul.

We are conscious of thinking, reasoning, willing, etc. Now, if I am asked what is the soul, I reply it is *that* which thinks, reasons, wills. I know matter by its properties; I know soul by the same, only I know soul better than I know matter, for in reality I do not know matter at all—I infer it; a very strong inference I grant, but yet not strong enough to be incapable of denial, for there have been thoughtful men who have denied its existence. But no one has denied the existence of consciousness, however differently they may have explained it. We therefore *know* soul and *infer* matter.

But some have gone further than this, and attempted the explanation of what soul is in itself, that is, what is the nature of the *noumenon*. For example, Ulrici thinks that it is the occupant of a non-atomic ether that fills the whole body, and which lies behind the weaving of the nerves, muscles and other tissues. In this non-atomic constitution lies its difference from matter, which is atomic. But all such speculations are useless, as we cannot know noumenon; we can only know phenomena. That the soul is indivisible we may all assume. We cannot think of half a soul, or a quarter of a soul. It is one indivisible soul, however or wherever it may be.

Chapter IV

THE ORIGIN OF THE SOUL

Suppose I wished to erect a mansion, my first business would be to select an architect who could be at once architect and actual builder combined. This would not be possible in real life, but I must assume it for the purpose of my illustration. Then he would select the proper materials to work with, after having drawn the design. Next, he would shape these materials for their proper place, and then fit them in as they were required. But after his building was finished, finding that his materials were very perishable, he would require to give it his constant attention, and repair it as it required.

Transfer this to the building up of a human body, which is much more difficult and greatly more complicated than any structure made by the hand of man. There are the materials to be considered, as some are utterly unsuited for this purpose, such as the soil of the earth before it is made into something organic, such as animal or vegetable food, by means of vegetable growth. Then the architect, who has been selected for us, begins his work by

laying the first stone, or rather by making and placing the first cell. It is clear the architect must be present from the very first. The succeeding work I shall consider a little in detail, that we may the better realize how great are its complications.

First, then, I would notice protoplasm or bioplasm. Bioplasm consists of three parts: nutrient matter, germinal matter and formed matter. The nutrient matter is that which nourishes the germinal matter, which is the only matter that is alive. The nutrient matter, which is dead, is changed into living matter by the matter in the interior of the cell, by a process inexplicable by any known agency, and is called a bioplast. When the cell has a cell wall, which all cells have not, that is formed of the dead matter which the bioplasts have thrown off. This bioplast is merely a speck of a semi-fluid jelly, without any discoverable organization; yet these bioplasts are the beginnings of the organic life of the body.

Now, these living bioplasts are there in countless myriads, all exactly alike; and yet some combine together to build up the man, all his bones, muscles, nerves and organs, with all their almost infinite diversity of structure and great variety of function. Nor is this all; these various members of the body must be co-related to each other so as to aid each other in the unity of the body. And not only so, but they must all be harmoniously related to their

environment. Take the eye, for example. An eye formed on one plan would be useless to a large number of animals. An eagle, a dolphin, a mole, a man, has each an organ suited to its position and the habits of its possessor. I should suggest that these facts and countless more like them require an intelligent agent to arrange the fabric of the body, with all its adaptations.

Who is the Architect of all this? Professor Huxley taught that no architect was required, nor any intelligence needed; and, of course, his school of thought, if such it can be called, agree with him. Now, that I may do them no injustice, I will quote his own words, which will show that he believes that everything has come from a fortuitous concourse of atoms: "The whole world living and not living is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of which the universe was composed." "This means the conclusion of a series of happenings neither purposed, nor designed, nor intended." The meaning of all this is, that the heart was not made for the circulation of the blood, the lungs were not intended to purify it, the muscles were not intended to move the limbs, the eye was not arranged with a view to sight, nor the ear designed to hear. In short, nothing was designed to do anything that it does do, but it does it only because it

does it. Leaving the absurdity of this idea to the contempt it deserves, there is only one other explanation deserving a moment's consideration, namely, that in the beginning God created them as He willed. Now, God can proceed in two modes: He can act directly in creation, as in the plant world, and cause each to reproduce its like and continue its growth; or He can act mediately, as in man, and give him the power over his own activities and locate that power in the soul. I have therefore two forces at work within me: a vital or bodily force. This I work unconsciously, so long as it works as its Creator wishes it; but I become conscious of it when anything goes wrong, as in the case of valvular disease of the heart, or almost any other disease. This unconscious activity of mine is very mysterious, but very real, as in healthy respiration and circulation, and in the building up of the body, giving it its special features, by which it is distinguished from other bodies of the same kind.

The other force is always in consciousness, and is mostly voluntary, as in the act of mentation.

I am now prepared to study the original question: What is the origin of the soul or the *Ego*? It must be present, as we have seen, at the commencement of the first cell. Whence came it? One theory is that it was created by God at the beginning of each individual, and united to

the material body that came from the parents. This was the scholastic position, was announced to be the official doctrine of the Roman Church, and was in great degree the teaching of Aristotle. It appears plausible, but there are difficulties about it so great that it seems impossible to accept it. If, however, the soul were not created for each individual separately at the first, there is only one other way of which we know for explaining it; that is, that in the beginning God made one body and one soul, and from that one body and one soul all bodies and all souls since have descended by generation or biogenesis. There are difficulties here also, as is natural in so grand and wondrous a subject, but not so great as there are on the other theory. The analogy of almost the whole animal world corresponds with this. There is no such thing as spontaneous generation. The universal law is that like produces like in all that distinguishes species as species. Birds always produce birds of the same sort; monkeys, monkeys; fish, fish; and human beings invariably spring from human parents. Race peculiarities are also invariably transmitted. The child of Caucasian parents is always Caucasian. The child of the Negro is always Negro.

Chapter V

HEREDITY

I am now naturally brought to the subject of heredity, or the descent from parent to child of mental characteristics. This law is a fact beyond dispute; a fact modifying human life at every point; a fact which must play its part in the world's salvation, as it has played its part in the world's corruption. This truth is referred to in the words of the 9th Article of the Church of England, which speaks of original or birth-sin as "the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam." It is beyond denial that all men inherit a tendency to sin, which varies in each soul, and is strengthened or weakened according to the environment of the person. Thus, as all experience testifies, each person enters the battle of life weighted with a tendency, but not compulsion, to wrong-doing.

Heredity also operates in other departments of the soul besides the moral. Intellectual and aesthetic characteristics are certainly sometimes hereditary, but not with the same regularity as the

moral, but sufficiently so to demand careful study, such as has been given to it by Galton, who has shown that mental and moral characteristics are hereditary. The following instances of hereditary talent are both interesting and instructive : Allegri, author of the *Miserere*, was of the same family as Correggio the painter. Amati Andrea was the most illustrious member of a family of violinists at Cremona. The Bach family is perhaps the most remarkable instance of mental heredity. The record of it began in 1550, and lasted through eight generations to the year 1800. During a period of nearly 200 years this family produced a multitude of artists of the front rank. Its head was Weit Bach, a baker of Presburg, who used to seek relaxation from labour in music and song. All his children were either organists or church singers. When they had become too numerous to live near each other, they resolved to meet once a year, with a view to keep up a sort of bond of union, and very often there gathered more than 100 persons bearing the name of Bach—men, women and children.

It may be asked : Are there not exceptions to the law of heredity so numerous and of such a character as to vitiate the law ? Certainly there are exceptions to the law, but they are neither so numerous nor so inexplicable as is sometimes supposed.

Chapter VI

ENVIRONMENT

Another influence which acts very powerfully on the soul in after-life is environment. It is an interesting problem which of these two has the stronger influence in modifying the character? The influence of environment on the religious life of man is certainly more potent than that of heredity, although heredity has the start. The testimony of all workers for reform, among the vicious and the outcast, is in accord on this point. Improvement in environment means the clarification of the stream of heritage. Bad birth does not necessarily doom a child to perdition. It makes the chances very great that unless they are changed deterioration will continue. But they do not determine the destiny. Usually, improved environment results in a corresponding elevation of character and life. If this were not true, there would be no basis for either religion or reform. Education would be a mockery. The good would reproduce the good, and the vile the vile. All that makes life worth living for half the world is the simple fact that heredity may be modified by environment.

There is always something in a human being which was not destroyed by the first or any subsequent fall, which can respond to religion, and which may be expected to respond to it when the person is given a fair chance. A tendency to virtue is, however, as surely transmitted as a tendency towards vice. Thus each has its tendency, with various degrees of strength, but leaving the soul still with its full measure of responsibility.

Chapter VII

CONSCIOUSNESS

I now turn from the realm of conjecture and theory concerning my nature and origin, or what am I and whence am I, to the region of assured certainty regarding the facts of my own life which *I know.* That is, I turn to the knowable and known in relation to what I have done and am doing; I come to consciousness, which is my only ground of certainty on any subject whatever. For consciousness is the knowledge of my own states, as they are. I cannot know myself as I am not. I am conscious that I feel, I hope, I purpose; but I am only conscious that I feel, hope, or purpose, as I do feel, hope, or purpose.

It is of the utmost importance that I should establish this, because all that follows depends on it, and also because materialists deny, strange to say, that consciousness never errs. How do they know, if they do not know anything; and how do they know they say they do not know or know they say anything, but as they are conscious of it!

Mr. Buckle goes to a man in *delirium tremens* for his illustration, who states that he is conscious of

seeing spectres and phantoms that do not *exist*! Materialism must be in a bad way when it is reduced to affirming that a man may be conscious of that which has no existence. He may believe it, or imagine it; but to be conscious of it is simply absurd. Another illustration is by the leading Secularist of England, who says, "A maniac peasant deems himself a prince; to himself he is a prince; his consciousness, does it not deceive him?" Surely the fact that he has to go to a maniac for an illustration ought to have aroused his suspicions regarding its worth. It is perfectly true that in such a case the peasant is conscious of the *belief* that he is a prince, but that is a very different matter from being conscious that he *is* one.

On this subject Sir William Hamilton writes: "Now it is at once evident that philosophy, as it affirms its own possibility, must affirm the veracity of consciousness, for as philosophy is only a scientific development of the facts which consciousness reveals, it follows that philosophy, in denying or doubting the testimony of consciousness, would deny or doubt its own existence." For "philosophy" read "psychology" and the case is greatly strengthened.

I am, therefore, compelled by the laws of thought to base all superstructures of reasoning on the one foundation of the veracity of consciousness. It is well to have for a starting-point something

positively certain, upon which I can rely with complete assurance, and to feel that however I may afterwards wander astray, I at least commenced well and truly. But when I consider the infinite vastness of the universe, it seems but a small thing to be able to say, "All I know is my own mind and its moods. And yet there is no alternative if my knowledge be limited to that of which I am conscious; the existence of all beyond this must be, not certainty, but belief."

Chapter VIII

BELIEF

The belief itself must be in consciousness, for I cannot have a belief without being conscious of it. The existence of the belief I am certain of, but of the existence of that in which I believe I am not certain, else it would not be belief, but knowledge. The belief, for example, in the reality of a world beyond myself. Why? Because I am conscious of certain states of mind that are produced by introspection, and also of some that are not so produced, and as we are forced by a law of thought to assert that every change is produced by a cause sufficient for the purpose, I affirm that this change in consciousness, called sensation, is produced by a cause that is not self, that in this case it is an external world. The belief in this world is, therefore, a necessary assumption. It may be objected that I surely do more than believe in the world of sense. Do I not see it, feel it, hear it? No, I do not. The senses are not always to be trusted, as will be shown more fully when they

are dealt with in detail. That "seeing is believing" is a popular saying, but like many popular sayings it is misleading.

Perhaps it may make the subject a little clearer if a definition of belief be now given. Belief is simply assent to a proposition, and a proposition has been defined by Aristotle as "a sentence which affirms or denies something of something." The belief may be weak when the evidence supporting it is feeble, or it may be strong when the evidence supporting it is strong; in the latter case it is called conviction. Tell one who is not a chemist that water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen. He knows you to be a student of chemistry, and he says, "I believe it is as you say." But you have decomposed and recomposed it, and found out its composition, and you say, "I am convinced it is made of hydrogen and oxygen." Or perhaps you would say, "I know it is," and you would be speaking correctly in popular language, but you would not be speaking correctly in the language of psychology. You should say, "I believe."

The most important question is frequently asked, "Can we know God?" If there be a God, He must be the Absolute, the Infinite, the Unconditioned, and these cannot possibly be objects of human consciousness. It is said by some that we know Him because He manifests Himself to our consciousness. This, however, is a mistake, as such a

manifestation is inherently impossible. We may take it, therefore, that the belief in the existence of God is an assumption necessary to make. The Christian church adopts this position in the words of the Creed, "I *believe* in God." We believe in His existence for the same reasons that we believe in other existences; namely, by their effects on us. God is the necessary assumption of our *whole being*, without which we are a puzzle, a mystery, and a contradiction. He is as truly demanded by the intellect, as by the feelings and the conscience. He is the necessary explanation and ground of reason, harmony, order and law in the worlds of matter and of mind. Here lie the deepest truths of the so-called "proofs" of the being of God. Their force is in the conviction of dependance, and the intuition of order, law, and design which we have as a constitutive principle of consciousness. These and a myriad other arguments are reasons why we should believe in God, or be under the necessity of *assuming* Him, but that is not my present subject; it is, Do we *know* God? and I am bound to agree with the Creeds, and simply and cautiously say, "I *believe* in God, the Father Almighty."

Chapter IX

SENSATION

In the process of introspection I recognize certain changes in my states of consciousness, which are not caused by consciousness itself, but which must have a sufficient cause somewhere. That cause, not being in consciousness itself, must be out of consciousness, or in the *non-ego*. I am therefore under the necessity of affirming the existence of an outer world. This necessity is so strong and clear that I have a firm conviction that it is so. I consequently say, using popular language, that I know the world of matter. The nature of this world is given to me in sensation, which is the result of the exercise of my senses. It must be clearly apprehended that all our sensations, of whatever kind they be, are purely mental, are the soul at work.

In reviewing my sensations I may commence with pain.

Pain

This is the danger signal of the body, without which the body would soon be worn out. The moment I feel pain I know there is something wrong, and am at once on the alert. Were it not for this I might risk an injury to a limb with utter

carelessness. Were it not for this, disease might work its way unheeded and unchecked till too late for safety. But when I know that if I break my leg I must suffer for it, I am more careful to keep my leg out of danger if possible. What causes pain I can pretty well tell, but what pain is surpasses my powers of discovery.

Many have been puzzled as to the region in which pain is felt. It is commonly said to be in the brain. But this is against the evidence of consciousness. If I hurt my hand I feel the pain in my hand, and not in my head. No living being could persuade me that the pain of the gout which is in my feet is felt not there but in my brain. If any one touches me I know at once where they touched me, not by my head, but by my sensation in the spot. We may reason about sensor nerves as we will; here is the fact of consciousness, and if we begin by denying consciousness we may as well stop reasoning altogether. Those who think that pain as a sensation is in the brain, naturally locate the soul there. Descartes placed it in the pineal gland, or portion of grey matter about the size of a small pea! Well, if it be not in the brain, where is it? In the whole body, permeating the entire substance. Wherever there is body there is soul, and soul at work, displacing and replacing the used material, and thus keeping the unity of the whole fabric complete amid continual change.

This fact lands us in a rather peculiar position. The soul permeates the entire body, but the soul is indivisible; if a leg be amputated, is a soul leg amputated also? That however is, as we have seen, impossible. What, then, becomes of it? Nothing; it is exactly as it was before. It cannot be cut up into anything different from what it was originally. This sounds passing strange, but a little thought will accustom us to the idea. The soul must have some form, it cannot be a shapeless mass of soul, and what shape can it have save that of the body it has built up? Nor is the thought without evidence in its favour. It is a familiar fact to surgeons that pain can be felt in a limb that has been amputated. In what does the pain reside? It must be in the limb that still remains; it cannot be in the limb that does not exist. Surgeons as a rule do not believe in soul bodies, at least do not take them into account, and therefore try to explain these facts away by attributing them to the association of ideas, sensor nerves, etc. But such explanations are more marvellous than the facts. There was a case in Birmingham where a superintendent had one foot cut off in a railway accident. He was always troubled with pain in that foot at certain states of the weather. The surgeon made a splendid job of it, but he always felt the pain in the foot he had not got whenever he experienced the similar weather. The case is not

without difficulty, but the assumption of a spiritual body is the only conceivable explanation of it.

The same fact explains many difficulties, and answers many queries. For example, the question is frequently asked, how will it be possible to recognize friends in another world, after they have been dead, turned back to their mother earth and raised from the dead? The soul that has built the body many times already, and each time out of fresh materials, can do the same again, and in the same likeness. The materials will be different, but the builder will be the same. Again, if the clothed soul can recognize other clothed souls, surely it is still more possible for the unclothed soul to recognize other unclothed souls. But be that as it may, what is unimaginable to man may be perfectly possible to God.

Touch

Touch is the largest sensory organ I have, consisting as it does of the whole body. I cannot touch any part of the body, except the hairs, without my being conscious of it by means of the nerves, which are distributed over the whole surface, and in a less degree in the interior as well. I at once see the importance of this, as it makes it impossible for an enemy to get inside the citadel without being challenged by the sentinel nerves that are

stationed everywhere. Of course certain parts of the body can be rendered insensible to touch, but that is an abnormal condition which cannot be taken into account.

Touch, like all the other senses, does its part in sometimes giving misleading sensations, showing how the judgments require to be instructed with regard to the senses, and their intimations through every step of life; and when the instruction is imperfect, it is astonishing to see how soon and how much their evidence fails us, and how much we depend on that which is not sense. Consider the following case of a physical impression derived from the sense of touch. If the hands be brought toward each other so that the tips of the corresponding fingers touch, the end of any finger may be considered as an object to be felt by the opposed finger; thus, the two middle fingers may for the present be so viewed. If the attention be directed to them, no difficulty will be experienced in moving each in a circle round the tip of the other, so that they shall each face the opposite, and the motion may be either in one direction or the other—looking at the fingers, or with the eyes employed elsewhere—or with the remaining fingers touching *quiescently* or moving in a right direction. All is easy, because each finger is employed in the ordinary or educated manner while obeying the will. But turn the hands half-way round, so that their

backs shall be toward each other, and then, crossing them at the wrists, again bring the like fingers into contact at the tips. If it be now desired to move the extremities of the middle finger around each other, or to follow the contour of one finger by the tip of the opposed one, all sorts of confusion in the motion will ensue; and as the finger of one hand tries, under the instruction of the will, to move in one course, the touched finger will convey the intimation that it is moving in another. If all the fingers move at once, all will be in confusion; the ease and simplicity of the first case have entirely disappeared. These contrary results are dependent, not on any change in the nature of the sentient indication, or of the surfaces or substances which the sense has to deal with, but upon the trifling circumstance of a little variation from the direction in which the sentient organs of these parts are usually exerted, and they show to what an extraordinary extent our interpretations of the sense impressions depend upon our experience; that is, the education they have previously received, and their great inability to aid us at once in circumstances which are entirely new.

Sight

As this is not a treatise on the anatomy or physiology of the eye, it is not necessary to describe more than the means by which vision is effected.

Light is caused by ether-waves propagated from the sun, in the case of sunlight, with inconceivable velocity and in right lines as long as it is passing through the same homogeneous medium. These rays are reflected in all directions from any opaque object on which they fall, provided it be not black, for a black object is one that sends back to our eye practically no light, but absorbs all kinds of rays. Some of the rays so reflected enter the eye by the pupil; they are then focussed by the crystalline lens on the retina, which is perhaps the most wonderful and delicate structure in creation. It consists of three layers of membranes, the outermost of which is an extremely delicate membrane, termed the *tunica Jacobi*. The middle one, *tunica nervosa*, is, in reality, the expansion of the optic nerve. The inner coat contains several minute branches of the central artery of the retina. When the optic nerve fibres are stimulated to some sort of action by the influence of the light, this action is continued along the course of the optic nerve until it reaches the sensorium. If anything prevent that, there is no vision. But when that is accomplished the *Ego* grips, as it were, the action of the material nerve, and on the instant changes it into a mental state, which is called the sensation of vision. It almost surpasses belief that when I stand on a high cliff, I am not *looking* at the landscape below, I am creating it for myself. Yet so in literal fact

it is—of course not created arbitrarily, but according to the materials supplied by the nerves. It may be said to me, "Do you mean to tell us that when we are looking at a tree, we are not looking at it?" Of course if you are looking at a tree, you are looking at it; my reply is, you only suppose you are looking at a tree, the image of the tree is within you, in the picture gallery within yourself.

The errors told us in visual sensation are countless, showing that it requires an educated judgment to interpret this sensation correctly, as it does for that of touch. There never was a more baseless proverb than the saying, "Seeing is believing." Place a stick in water and the stick appears to be bent at the surface of the water. You look at the sun apparently just on the horizon at eventime, and you say the sun is about to set, when in reality it has set some minutes. These appearances are caused by the refraction of light. Or if, when sitting in a railway train in motion, you look out of the window the whole landscape appears to be flying past you in a direction opposite to that in which you are moving. A hundred other cases might be cited, but no doubt many will suggest themselves. These errors of vision do not cause any inconvenience, for the judgment is so educated by past experience that we are able to interpret with comparative accuracy the pronouncements of our sensations of sight.

But we have not yet done with the miracles I perform by vision. There is the fact of colour to be considered. When I look at a garden of flowers, how varied the colours that meet my gaze! To use popular language, What is colour, and how produced? It seems so simple to open my eyes and look upon a red rose, but before I get the *sensation* of the redness of that rose there are activities that must take place, which are utterly beyond the comprehension of any finite being. Before any object can cause the sensation of redness, light must proceed from it in small waves at the rate of 392 billions of waves a second! To cause it to appear violet, these waves must move at the rate of 757 billions a second. These numbers so transcend all human powers of imagination as to make them meaningless, yet they are correct according to exact science. We cannot think how colourless waves of ether can produce colour at all, much less how different waves can cause the sensation of different colours.

Now let me imagine that I am standing in a garden with flowers of a hundred different colours. I close my eyes and I have no sensation. I open them, and on the instant I think I see the hundred colours. Yet before I can do that the hundred flowers must have sent off waves of colourless ether varying in velocity from 392 billions a second to 757 billions a second! This is wondrous enough, but remember

I think I see them all at the same time, and all more or less distinctly. Consequently, the air is full of these trillions of waves moving in all directions together without interfering with each other in the slightest degree. Then these waves must enter the eye, proceed along the optic nerve to the sensorium, and then be changed into consciousness before I say, I see. See what? Not the colour in the flower, for there is not any colour in the flower. I think I hear some one say, "What nonsense! There is the flower, and I see it; I am looking at it." It appears most natural to affirm that, but it is a mistake all the same. You protest you see the colour itself; well, suppose you do; what becomes of colour after you have looked at it? It has vanished into thin air; yet it is not in the air, for there is no colour in the air between the flower and your eye. Where is it, then? In all the wondrous universe there is nothing more wondrous than the consciousness of seeing, except perhaps something, if possible, more wondrous still. All we can say is, it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Hearing

The ear, the organ of hearing, consists of three parts, the external ear or pinna, which collects the radiating vibrations of the ether, which are very

much larger than those causing light, and a tube which conveys these vibrations to the middle ear, or tympanum, sometimes called "the drum" of the ear. This is traversed by a chain of small movable bones, which connect the *membrana tympani* with the labyrinth, or inner ear, and serve to convey the vibrations communicated to the *membrana tympani* across the cavity of the tympanum to the labyrinth, so called from its complexity. This is the fundamental organ of hearing. Thus the vibrations find their way from the vibrating body, which started them to the sensorium, when the soul seizes them, and changes the vibrations into sound, or rather by the vibrations of matter causes the soul to originate sound, which is not matter. All this is a great mystery to us now, but it is a fact there is no disputing. Either matter can be conscious, or it cannot. If it can, there is no alternation for us but to accept a gross materialism; but if it cannot, there is no alternative but to grant the soul all for which I contend.

But this conclusion has some startling results. One is that there is no sound outside ourselves; so far as it is a sensation it is all within me. When I speak of the air being filled with melody, I am mistaken; I am confounding the not-self with the self. It certainly appears to be so, but it is appearance only. When I think I am listening to an organ sending forth strains of music I am not

doing anything of the kind. Between the organ and myself there is the silence of the grave. The organ gives forth ether-waves and nothing more. It is myself that does the remainder. The player, if he would cause music within me, must play according to certain rules, and in accordance with the same rules the soul acts. The soul is therefore controlled by the same limitations as the organist, and so produces within us the music the organist wishes. Consequently the popular language is amply sufficient for popular use, and I may still say the air is filled with melody, and the organ peals forth its notes sonorous.

But what a miserable world would this be, had not our Creator given our souls the power to create a world of song! The same reasoning may be applied here as to light, indeed to all the senses. I listen to the sweet notes of the thrush, or lark, with scarcely ever a thought of gratitude to Him who has added such power to the soul to change a hovel into a palace fit for the King's sons.

Taste

The tongue is the organ of taste, and it differs from the other senses, inasmuch as it has no ether vibrations in connexion with it, and does not appear to have any special nerve in its service. It is

abundantly supplied with general nerves, the principal being the *glosso-pharyngeal* nerve. But the upper surface of the tongue is covered with numerous projections named papillæ. It is generally assumed that these are the principal causes of the sensation of taste; though what is the nature of the action which causes me to feel the sensations of sweetness, or bitterness, or the thousand varieties of flavour that distinguish all the different kinds of food, I know not. Why sugar should be sweet, or aloes should be bitter; why peaches should taste differently from potatoes; why anything should have taste at all, is beyond my ken. But one thing I can say, and that very distinctly, that were it not for this power of the soul, everything we eat would have the same want of taste, and we all know how pleasant that would be. But as it is, eating, which is necessary, becomes a pleasure. Too great a pleasure it is in many cases. Still, as God has endued me with such a power, and has given me "all these things richly to enjoy," I may thankfully use them without abusing them.

I can eat with pleasure and gratitude without, as so many do, living to eat. There are some who say that it is fleshly, gross, and sensuous to enjoy eating anything. Perhaps so; but as it is the soul that has the enjoyment, and not the flesh, it appears more consistent for me to derive enjoyment and feel gratitude to God, Who has given me such power,

than it is to have ingratitude to God for all His priceless gifts.

Some object, that it is beneath God's dignity, as it were, to attend to such trifling things as "the pleasures of the table." But there is the fact that He has attended to them, and that by a wonderful arrangement. If our cavillers had to sit down to tasteless cold mutton every day, I am afraid the fervour of their thanksgiving would not be so great. The soul may be regarded as an epitome, and taken as an illustration of the activities of God in His universe. From youth to age it controls the marvellous working of the machinery of the body. It is in every throb of the heart, in every activity of the glands, in every quiver of the nerves, and yet it is in every, even the feeblest, indication of the senses, as distinctly as though that one were the most important of its existence.

"Ay! ay! there's nothing small in Nature; all
Doth need the Hand Omnipotent to mould it
And set it into motion; and, perchance,
That which smallest unto man may be
The very hinge on which the world shall turn.
Each man is microcosm, and doth hold
A perfect system that hath its own sun,
Around which it revolves in disregard
And ignorance of all companion souls.
Closed is the life, an awful mystery,
Whose awfulness man scarcely comprehends;
Which none hath power, e'en if he had the will,
E'en to reveal to his most trusted friend.

For language is not adequate to saint;
Each delicate emotion, flashing thought,
Or flitting change in quick succession wrought;
Or thousand notes vibrating on the strings
Of mental nerves, so sensitive and fine,
That all too delicate are they to give
E'en faint expression to the outer world.
Unfathomable, aye, is soul to soul;
And man must live alone and die alone
In his soul-life; unto himself and God.
And, spite his yearnings to reveal himself.
He still remains a secret unto all."

Chapter X

CONSCIENCE

The soul acting through the senses enables me to live pleasantly a bodily life. That is the life of a beast, but more than that is required to make the life worthy of a man. We are to live not only healthily but holily. But to do this the soul must enter on a new department of its work, namely the moral. When so employed it is named conscience, not that conscience is an entity separate from the soul, but is itself the soul engaged in deciding moral questions.

Before proceeding further I shall be expected to answer the question, What is the work of the conscience?

Moralists have always been divided into two schools. One who holds the doctrine of "Associated Utilitarianism." To use Mr. Spencer's own words, "Just in the same way that I believe the intuition of space possessed by any living individual to have arisen from organized and consolidated experiences of all antecedent individuals who bequeathed to him their slowly-developed

nervous organizations; just as I believe that this intuition, requiring only to be made definite and complete by personal experiences, has practically become a form of thought quite independent of experience, so do I believe that the experiences of utility, organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been producing corresponding nervous modifications, which by continued transmissions and accumulations have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition—active emotions responding to right and wrong conduct which have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility."

We must all acknowledge Mr. Spencer to be a very sincere and earnest thinker, but that such a thinker could call a thought derived through long experiences from countless ancestors an *à priori* intuition surpasses belief. How happy our earliest forefathers must have been, who had few ancestors, and therefore could not have had any formulated experience to face back on, and consequently, on this showing, were without conscience and without morality. I scarcely think Mr. Spencer himself would have cared to live among such a people. But further, if utility is the greatest happiness of the greatest number, who is to decide what is utility at any particular time? As a leading utilitarian said in debate, "We have no code of morality, for what is morality to-day may be immorality

to-morrow; for on the knowledge of to-day the knowledge of to-morrow may throw fresh lights, and teach us that other things were moral which we knew not of." Besides, utility and morality are not synonymous terms. A watch may be very useful if it keep good time, but outside an asylum you would not find a man who would call it moral. I may now leave the utilitarian, who would make utility, as a foundation for morality, the most useless thing possible, and turn to the other school of moralists.

This school is named the Intuitional, because it regards moral sanctions as not derived from experience, but as *à priori* and immutable, bearing their own authority on their face. Holding that conscience is an original power added to the soul for moral uses, by which it is compelled to pronounce judgment on some voluntary actions, it is, as Kant affirmed, a "categorical imperative." As soon as it is ascertained that one course is right and the opposite one wrong, the conscience commands me to follow the one course and avoid the other. Thus it is imperative; and it is categorically imperative, that is to say, it accepts no excuse. When conscience says, "I ought"; there is an end of the matter so far as my duty is concerned, my guilt or innocence. The course which conscience commands may apparently be contrary to my interests; it may be utterly opposed to my inclination,

but conscience does not on that account in the least withdraw its imperative. It placed the fiery furnace in front of the three heroes of Babylon, it confronted Daniel with the den of lions, it opened the doors of the Inquisition, and kindled the fires of Smithfield for the noble army of martyrs; yet the clarion voice of conscience said with trumpet tongue, "Onward, and do the *right*." How grand the appearance of Luther at the Diet of Worms, when, facing the hostile powers of all Europe, he said, "It is neither safe nor honest to do anything against conscience. Here stand I; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God." Never an hour passes but in the secrecy of some man's soul, some one, putting aside the promptings of self-interest and the frowns of power, pays the same tribute to conscience by doing the right and taking the consequences.

"What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted,
Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Two words show us very distinctly the difference between utility and morality; they are regret and remorse. I may make a bad bargain in commerce, one by which I lose a considerable amount of money. This may cause me regret very sincere and very deep, but no remorse is felt if there were nothing

wrong about it. But if I do something very wrong it is followed by remorse, a feeling that is more terrible far than regret. The latter has seldom caused a man to take away his own life, but remorse has been the cause of many a suicide.

A difficulty is here experienced in the fact that the apparent verdicts of conscience vary so much with the times in which we live, the countries where are our homes, the creeds we believe. The Hindoo thinks it right to worship Brahma. The Christian believes it wrong. The Protestant thinks it right to eat beef on a Friday, the Catholic thinks it wrong. The thumbscrews of the Inquisition were perfectly right in the mind of the Inquisitor; they were perfectly wrong in the mind of the sufferer. The difficulty in all such cases arises from confusing the functions of conscience. It is not the province of conscience to declare what is right and what is wrong, but merely to declare that there is a rightness and a wrongness in certain voluntary actions. This does not appear much, but it is the base of all moral judgments, and is the one affirmation of conscience the world over, an affirmation that never varies. Every man, be his other beliefs what they may, acknowledges that something is right and something is wrong. He may call it by other names, he may explain its origin how he will, but he is bound to grant that it is there. It is an immutable fact.

Before proceeding further it may be well to define rightness, not what is right, but what is rightness. Righteousness thus viewed is that which is perceived to be obligatory for the will. Rightness is that fundamental ethical conception which gives rise to duty, and constitutes the ground for praise or blame in moral action. All persons recognize the distinctions of rightness and wrongness, of goodness and badness. That various souls perceive the idea of rightness with different degrees of clearness, forms no objection to the universal character of the principle. It is this power of the soul which constitutes the possibility of a science of conduct; which forms the ground for civil enactments and sanctions, and which in large part constitutes man's capacity for religion.

To discover that which is right and that which is wrong is a very different and more difficult matter, and requires the judgment to be carefully educated, so as to form what is called an educated or enlightened conscience. When we consider the soul's manifold responsibilities to itself, its brother, and its God; that, in fact, almost every action in life involves the discharge of some duty; that clashing interests meet us at every step, we realize slightly the overwhelming importance of adequate moral culture. The soul must be honest with itself, so as to prevent all self-deception; for, strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true,

that it is frequently easier to deceive ourselves than to deceive our neighbours. David was undoubtedly sincere when, his indignation being aroused, he said, "The man that hath done this thing shall surely die." But when Nathan said to him, "Thou art the man," he saw the other side of the picture, which had been neglected before, and now felt his sin with a new force. Thus, if I think of myself more highly than I ought to think, my whole future will be weakened by too much self-esteem. If, on the other hand, I have too low an opinion of myself, my future will be weakened by undue depression. It is therefore of the greatest importance that I should know myself as accurately as possible.

We must also treat our conscience tenderly, for its delicacy can soon be blunted. The man who resigned the Arras judgeship rather than sentence one man to die, became by a process of deterioration, swift and sure, the butcher Robespierre. We must not, however, judge that if our conscience does not trouble us, all must be well. The gambler may be perfectly contented in his gambling, having no irritating questions of any kind; not because he had carefully convinced himself that there was no wrong in what he did, but because he had never searched to see whether there were wrong or not. Peace may arise from either an educated, or from an ignorant or slumbering conscience. We ought to know well which of these is the source of any peace

we may have. It is a wonderful help in life for the soul to be so thoroughly trained that, when a dubious action is presented to it, it may be able to pass on it a correct judgment.

"So fine the impassible fence,
Set for ever 'twixt right and wrong,
Between white lives of innocence
And dark lives too dreadful for song."

Chapter XI

FREE WILL

Suppose any human being were asked the simple question, "If two actions were presented to you, the one believed by you to be right, and the other believed by you to be wrong, have you any power to choose one rather than the other?" What would be the answer? "Of course we have; what do you take us to be? I may not wish to follow the good, but I have the power." Yet on second thoughts some would answer, "No, we have no such power." These men are named necessitarians, and say they believe they are the creatures of their organization and antecedents. Mr. H. G. Atkinson once said, "I am a creature of necessity. I can claim neither merit nor demerit. I feel that I am as completely the result of my nature, and compelled to do what I do, as the needle does to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled. I cannot alter my will, or be other than I am, and cannot deserve either reward or punishment." This degradation is demanded by

the exigencies of materialism. They must either, maintaining materialism, maintain the puppet system; or giving up the puppets give up materialism. They prefer, in the face of all absurdities, to consider themselves not persons, but things.

What a state of society would result if we were all to act on this so-called belief. You see a drunkard rolling in the street. What are you to say to him? "My poor man, I am very sorry for you, but I cannot blame you, for you were compelled to get drunk." Or, perhaps, a policeman is about to arrest a murderer. What right has the former to say to the latter, "My man, I am sorry to have to arrest you; you do not deserve punishment, for it was necessity that compelled you"; to which the other might reply, "Do not be sorry, your organization and antecedents necessitate your being a policeman, so you cannot do otherwise." I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating the results of this preposterous fiction, on which no one could act consistently for a day.

For necessitarians there is no right or wrong, no duty, no obligation, no responsibility, no morality or virtue, no sin or crime, no good or ill desert; conscience is a chimera, religion a delusion, and God a myth. But we may dismiss the ghastly fancy into the land of shades, from which it should never have emerged.

The fact of free will is one that ought to be held very tenaciously, for it is vital to the best interests of humanity. It providentially has the surest basis of all the facts of our consciousness. Doubt what I may, I cannot doubt that I am conscious of the freedom of my will. Reason as I may against it, I can prove all such reasonings false by the simple act of willing my arm to rise, and it rises in obedience to my will. Freedom as a fact of consciousness neither needs nor is capable of proof or disproof; but as original, ultimate, and given in our very nature cannot rationally be denied. Freedom is thus reduced to a certainty, and all disputes as to its existence are mere empty words. I am thus seen to be endued with the power of self-determination, of originating action. The importance of this lies in the fact that freedom is the postulate of all ethics. Where there is no freedom, there can be no morality. This is self-evident, and requires no further explanation.

With morality is bound responsibility, obligation, duty. Whence come these feelings? Why do I recognize owing duty to my fellow-man? Why ought I to do that duty? What is our fellow-man to me, or I to him, that I should care for him? I must rise to a higher level than my fellow-men if I would account for any moral feeling. When I turn my attention in on myself, and feel that consciousness of a rightness

and a wrongness is a quality of voluntary action, then my thoughts are necessarily turned upward to the One in whom alone is the source of life. As soon as I know myself, I know myself as a being not standing alone, but depending on some Being above myself; in other words, as soon as I know self, I believe in God with a conviction stronger far than my belief in an external world. For my belief in the latter is derived from sensation coming to men, whereas my belief in God is derived from my original constitution. It is in morals, accompanied by the resultant feelings caused by an *à priori* law, that most thinkers find the belief in God impressed on the consciousness.

All the wonders of the starry universe, all the beauties of countless flowers, all the melodies of woods and waves, awe-inspiring as they are, must bow before the regal word, "OUGHT."

"Where Law is, there is Good,
And freedom to obey or to transgress;
Else 'twere no Law, but, weaker far and less,
If one created being might not the thing it would."

Chapter XII

MEMORY

I live in the present only. The past has gone beyond recall. But to live in the present without recalling the past is impossible. The past permeates the present with a fulness that fills every waking hour. I have a wondrous storehouse, wherein are stored all the incidents of my bygone existence, be that short or long ; so that I can draw from that extensive store all I require for my present life. This is called Memory, a most wonderful power. There are some people who doubt the fact of miracles having been wrought by Christ, because of their strangeness. But what miracle was ever wrought compared with the miracle being performed by me every hour I live ; that of gripping with a tenacity, compared with which that of the octopus is nothing, every thought, every incident, every feeling, that has once found lodgment within me. Once it has found a home within my memory it can claim a home there for ever. "Not so,"

say some, "we forget much that we can never recall." This is an utter fallacy. How frequently does some incident appear to have been utterly obliterated from the memory, lost to me as completely as though it had never been, till I turn over the leaves of a book, and see there a withered leaf; when in an instant, rapid as a glint from a sea-bird's wing, the whole of an incident of early youth flashes upon me as vividly as if it were present, with all the details just as it happened long years ago. Or it may be the voice of a passing stranger in the street suggests another voice that has been stilled in the long past.

This is a very serious fact, and ought to make me very careful what I place within the store, as I know not at what moment I may again be forced to face it, perhaps to my horror and remorse. My memory in this aspect of it may be compared to a picture gallery, where every picture is covered with a curtain, which may be withdrawn at any minute.

A wondrous gallery it is, with many a strange picture, not only of what has been seen by other eyes than my own, but, still more strange, what I have darkly painted in the chambers of my imagery, known only to myself and my God. How lightly I allow evil thoughts to arise, and pass away as I think; but no, they are there still graven as upon a rock.

These memories, however, are not scattered about by me promiscuously, but apparently arranged in methodical order so as to be more readily accessible when wanted.

One of these aids to recollecting the materials of the past is the Association of ideas. Suppose I had been out in a lifeboat once and escaped with my life. I afterwards see the letters B, O, A, T. They at once suggest the thing, boat. Why should they? "Because," you say, "it is the name of the thing." Which means that you have arbitrarily associated it with the thing, so the one association suggests the other, but it would not to a Frenchman. Also a high wind sounding suggests a past storm, and the lifeboat because of its use in the former storm. A very strange and unaccountable fact is that, when a chain of associations has once been formed, the two terminal ideas may come into communication, without the *conscious* intermediation of those which originally linked them together; so that the original chain having been composed of A, B, C, D, A may *directly* excite D, without B and C coming into the mind at all. This may indicate the occurrence of cerebral changes, which *do not* themselves come within the sphere of consciousness, but which excite *other* changes *that do*, a conclusion being reached in this manner without my being at all aware of any process of thought by which it has been arrived

at. Of course this is not in any sense an explanation of the marvel, it is at best but an attempted interpretation of it.

Explanation there is none of any phenomenon in nature. There is no answer to the question, *How* is it? No one can tell how one portion of soil becomes a peach, another becomes an apple, another becomes a grape, and so on. It is not an answer to say, "They become different because they are from different seeds or trees." The old difficulty still remains insoluble by man. All I can say is that the Creator formed me with this particular nature, and endowed me with these various powers that I might contribute to the welfare of every human being; and gave to matter its peculiar properties that He might satisfy the desire of every living thing. I am aware there are those who say this is an unscientific mode of dealing with such subjects. Granted, but being as yet the best in existence, I shall follow it until I learn a better.

I have, however, another aid in bringing the past into the present, and that is suggestion by contrast. I have at some time seen a case of extremest poverty, but it was years ago, and has retired into the background until a case of excessive wealth comes under my notice, when at once I think of the other and my pity is aroused. It thus becomes a mediator of extremes by preventing the man

of wealth from being unduly excited in his wealth, through suggesting the sobering thought of poverty; and also preventing the poor man from being unduly depressed in his poverty by turning his thoughts to "a good time coming," if not in this world, at any rate in the world to come. In fact I seem to have ever present a world of contrasts, not only for use in memory, but also to prevent the danger of any extreme state by suggesting its opposite. Joy suggests sorrow; happiness, misery; health, sickness; life, death. How greatly these suggestive contrasts keep life in a healthy mental state none can tell.

Imagination

I am greatly assisted in my work of recollection by the power of picturing I possess, or imagination, as it is named. When remembering past scenes or incidents, they may at first appear only vague or hazy, but I at once start reproducing them in picture form; as I do so they immediately assume clearness and colour, and at last stand forth as distinctly as they at first appeared. All souls have not an equal power of imagery, but in proportion to that power is the clearness with which the past can be recalled, for in some degree it must be imaged or the past cannot be recalled in any degree. It may be said that this is not a picturing power of the soul, it is

merely a part of the memory of that past incident as a whole; that I cannot remember a person without picturing their features. This is in a sense true, but it does not account for the whole of the fact, as I have undoubtedly the power of picturing an object I have never seen. I am told, for example, of a certain person whom I have not seen. As I am hearing about him I am imagining what he is like, and should I meet him afterwards, I exclaim, "Dear me! how like he is to what I had pictured him." Or more usually, "Dear me! how different he is from what I had fancied."

And what gorgeous conceptions cannot I depict for myself, pictures that far surpass the power of human fingers to place on canvas, pictures that transcend the capacities of a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Raphael. Pictures that throw a Madonna *di San Sisto* into the shade. Pictures that are independent of culture, of education, of training; possible to the poorest man who breathes, and which make his soul, providentially, independent of wealth, learning or surroundings. It was the soul of poor yet rich John Bunyan who created all the scenery of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. We here again meet with the principle of contrast acting with full force. Many a man who has spent his life in poverty and misery is enabled to bear it when in view of the pictures of heaven he paints for self, each person according to his own soul's peculiarities.

But if I show by imagination the versatility and greatness of my powers; I also show their limitation, for while I can construct new, and almost infinitely varied pictures out of the materials with which I am familiar, I am rigidly restricted to these. I cannot by any possibility imagine anything wholly new. I can imagine an ox with seven heads and ten horns, but I must be familiar with one head and one horn to start with. This power of grotesque combination is richly shown in the idols of Eastern lands; but it matters not how grotesque they are, and unlike to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, as a whole, their parts are familiar to us all. Such are some of the figures of the Apocalypse, which symbolize great truths; so of those idols of the East, grotesque as they are in form, their very grotesqueness carries with it truths pregnant with great realities. With my limitations of conception and of language, I am compelled to use such forms as I deem best for my purpose.

But in this very limitation I see a purpose worthy of its author. If there were no limitation, but I were free to invent absolutely new forms, the confusion would be so great, and the perplexities so numerous, that it would defeat its own object, and be worse than useless, as they would be meaningless to all except the soul that suggested them.

There is a significant statement by Isaiah : " Men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him." This is a perfectly clear utterance, that our senses give us no information about what God hath prepared for them that wait for Him. May I not, however, exert its powers, and imagine something beyond our senses ? I have already seen that this is impossible ; and St. Paul confirms the fact when he adds to the words of Isaiah, " Neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." This is shown in all the pictures that are imagined of heaven in the Apocalypse, and in our Christian hymns, however wondrous the combination, the details are perfectly familiar to us.

Chapter XIII

EMOTIONS

By the emotions I mean those states of consciousness in which I am strangely aroused to a greater or less degree of excitement tending to action; by which my placidity is disturbed, and my course of thought changed. They may arise spontaneously, and immediately on the presentation of the object fitted to arouse them, or they may arise after an antecedent course of thought or feeling. They are sometimes the results of reasoning, at other times they are apart from reasoning altogether, or absolutely opposed to it. They are not born of experience, but spring forth full grown for wise and good purposes. How wise, and good, and strange these purposes are will be more fully grasped as they are examined more in detail. We can at once realize something of the condition of society were its members without emotion.

We sometimes see a human being who appears to be incapable of feeling, and we think what a soulless being he is, I think that it were better to be without a soul at all, if that were possible, rather

than to have one that cannot be stirred to any emotion, and I gratefully thank God that I am not as some men are. In one respect it is better to be emotionless, inasmuch as it is more comfortable, and if comfort and ease be our aim, then let us keep clear of feeling, and live a life lower than the brute, for the brute has emotions and very strong ones too sometimes. All emotions are at times very disturbing; occasionally very pleasant, and occasionally very unpleasant. The sea when calm is most agreeable to fair weather sailors; but when lashed into a storm it is far grander, but is apt to be troublesome.

Love

In proceeding to the detailed consideration of my emotions I give the premier place to the most regal and divine of them all—Love. It is certainly the most divine, the one that proceeds most directly from God, the one that most distinctly speaks of Him. For God is Love. He has many other attributes, but love is to Him what gravitation is to the material universe, that mysterious force by which all material nature is held in place, in the midst of all the intense and almost infinite movements of the stars. The mightiest worlds are guided by its influence, the minutest atoms of matter

are under its control. If gravitation should cease, the whole physical universe would rush to ruin. At least, so we think.

So is the love of God to us. The mightiest thoughts of the grandest souls are within His government; the feeblest prayer of the youngest child is blessed with His benison. And this love is universal as gravitation, perhaps more so. I can conceive a world placed outside the power of gravitation, but I cannot conceive a soul placed outside the sphere of God's love. Sometimes I think that God cannot be Love, for He causes me to suffer, He leaves me in poverty, He tries me as silver is tried. Yes, but further thought convinces me that all is in love. That not one thing in all this universe can God do, which does not come from His heart and thrill with His love.

But whence comes this conviction? It seems to me a part of my very being, as much a constituent of my essential nature as is the consciousness of my own existence. I may, however, be told that if this were so, all souls would be equally convinced of His love, but they are not, there being some who are not so convinced; nay, more, who are not convinced that there is a God at all. Upon close introspection I cannot believe that this is indeed the primitive feeling of any soul as it came originally from God. We may possibly argue ourselves into this thought by a wrong interpretation

of certain facts of nature as I have already stated. Why, the very facts that are brought forward as evidence that God is not Love, are the very facts that prove most cogently that He is Love. What are pain, and sickness, and suffering but safeguards of human life? Suppose I drop a sovereign into the fire, and could pull it out without pain, would I not do so, whatever the injury to my hand; that is, if I had not many sovereigns left? If I could go several days without food to perform some valuable task, what would prevent me? Would the knowledge that I was hurting my body? It might do so in a few cases, but not in many. What has caused the improved sanitary arrangements of the present day, but the knowledge that disease was the punishment of dirt? "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Why? Because they need it for their welfare, and He does it though it pains Himself. We must use human language when describing the consciousness of God.

Then I turn to nature for illustrations of that love, and find them in rich profusion all around. Every tinted petal, every scented flower, every luscious fruit, every song of bird, everything in creation becomes to me a loving word from God.

Thus nature creates for me a perpetual source of pleasure and holiest thought; stepping-stones to the throne of Him Who gave me all, and the

power to enjoy what He gave. So I find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

If God so love me, it is clearly my duty to love Him, but how can I? This Being Who is before all things, and by Whom all things exist, the Infinite and the Eternal, He seems to be as far above my love as the infinite is beyond the finite. I think Him a vast, vague Being, filling all space, omnipresent, omniscient, and, above all, unconditioned. Every one of these attributes far transcends my utmost powers of apprehension, and so cannot be conceived within the limitations of personality. But I cannot love inconceivable attributes, as are all these. The thoughtful souls in all times have felt the need of a personal God. When Philip said to Christ, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," he then expressed an almost universal want. How did Christ answer him? Did He reply that this was utter impossibility, and he should not desire it? No. He sympathized with the feeling and supplied the want. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Either this was a claim to be an incarnation of a personal God, or it was a mockery to Philip. So in most nations they have one original, personal God who was eternal, immortal, invisible.

In Egypt he was called Jahveh. His name was inscribed on the temple of Isis, "I am He that is,

and was, and shall be." He is the Original One; He was when nothing else was, the Father of all; He is concealed, His face no man has seen. He is the Creator, and not created. But as in the case of our own Jehovah, He is too vast to call forth the love of the heart. As we require the Christ, so the Egyptians represent Him by their lesser gods, Rā, Ptah, Thoth, but chiefly Osiris, dearest to the hearts of the nation, who gained an extraordinary power over the whole people. Thus in every religion of civilization there is an "Unknown God," and representations or incarnations of a deity for human worship, fit to call forth the love of gratitude, trust, and obedience.

So when I am speaking of my love to God, it is love by the intellect primarily, and emotional secondarily; but when I speak of love to Christ, it is love emotional primarily, and by the intellect secondarily, if at all. I am conscious that it is Christ Who is chiefly in my thoughts, and the Father as an afterthought.

If God so loves me, I feel that I also ought to love myself; that is, I ought to love myself with a very real and true love. But this I feel to be very difficult. I find no difficulty in gratifying my tastes, in following after pleasures; that is, when I have the means. But this is far from being self-love, it is very much the reverse. True self-love, as I feel it in my own consciousness, is that regard

for self that would prevent my doing anything to lower or injure myself in character. That I would not act in such a way to self or others as would degrade me from my high estate as a child of God, I would try to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man, and so preserve my self-respect, without which I would be poor indeed, though I had the wealth of worlds.

Sometimes self-love is called selfishness. There never was a greater mistake. If there be one feeling more than another that would harden, lower, and degrade me it is selfishness. A soul that can stand amid the miseries of the world and think only of itself is beneath contempt. And yet sad to say there is vastly more of selfishness than of self-love amongst mankind. Strange that it should be so, for in its greed for self it overshoots the mark and reaps disappointment where it hoped to reap pleasure. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." That is the established order, and no living being can alter it.

"We keep but what we give,
And only daily dying may we live."

Love of myself is the beginning of love for my fellow-creatures. As I gradually appreciate the powers and possibilities that I possess, I become conscious

of a desire to share them with others. This, while true, does not explain fully the feeling of love for them. The child from its earliest year loves its parents, but that love is largely composed of reliance on them for food, and trust for protection in danger. As the soul grows older, and gradually becomes able to provide for itself, that earlier feeling decreases, and the higher and more mystic form of love takes its place. This form can neither be explained nor defined.

It is not prudence, for often our loving may be exceedingly imprudent. It is not gratitude, for the obligation may be wholly on the other side. It is not selfishness, for self may be the last consideration that enters into the feeling. It is not avarice, for frequently the lover spends more than he can well afford. It is like a chemical element, incapable of further analysis. It cannot be resolved into anything simpler than itself. It must be a primitive fact of consciousness. Examine it as I may, I cannot prove love to be anything but love. There are those who resolve all love into a mere form of selfishness. A noted secularist has written, "I love my wife, I honour my wife, and would do all I can to increase her happiness, because in making her happiness, I am adding to my own. I admit it is selfish." I hope his wife was satisfied. It has been asked by the same person, "Can you give me an instance of unselfish love?"

All true love is unselfish, as I have said ; but I will select only one illustration, that of a mother attending her sick child. Is she thinking of herself as she watches it with feverish anxiety day and night, wearing herself to a shadow ? Her only thought and prayer is that God would give her back her child. If the child recovers she is glad and thankful, glad in proportion to her anxiety. But was that gladness the aim of her solicitude ? She would herself be the first to repudiate the slander. So with every good and right deed ; it must bring gladness as the result, but that was not the reason of its being done. Gladness is an arranged boon to help us to do the right, for that is not always easy. To do the right for the sake of the reward is to miss the mark. The man who would give a sprat to catch a salmon, will lose both the sprat and the salmon.

But although love gives me the greatest happiness I can know on earth, it causes me sometimes to feel the bitterest misery. When I see another soul whom I love better than myself rushing headlong to destruction, or even doing that which is unworthy of himself, who can fathom my wretchedness then ? But even this has its beneficial aspect, for it compels me to put forth more strenuous efforts to arrest his downward progress. But even with all these possibilities of sorrow, who would pass unloving and unloved through life ?

This would be the worst of all possible worlds if selfishness reigned supreme in the activities of my days. How true it is "that it were better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." But it is better still to have loved and not lost. What a blessing is parental and conjugal love to the world! It makes of a dwelling place, a home, and that means more than words can express. Love is the strongest cord that God has given to man, the mightiest impulse that ever swayed humanity—

"Tossed empires to the dust, raised beggars up,
That made of life a web of charmèd might,
Whose warp was adamant, whose woof was gold,
With pattern damascened of amaranth flowers,
Quivering with light and beauty; in whose folds,
Enwrapped, the rude shocks of the world were nought,
And poisoned darts glance off harmlessly
In that pure, perfect love that heaven ordained."

Brotherly Love

I feel that this love is like a river rising up in the hills in a spring unseen by man, but showing its presence by the greater verdure fringing its banks, and the little flowers that peep out timidly to the light. Sometimes there is a pool whose surface reflects every phase of the sky above. Then its silver waters dash over the little rocks that would impede its course and churn it into snowy foam.

It next flows forward with slower motion and greater breadth but lesser depth of water, as it sweeps onward to the ocean that gave it birth.

So is it with love ; as long as it is limited to the family circle it has a certain degree of intensity, but when it covers the larger area of brotherhood, I feel it to be shallower and slower, and its nature changed. I cannot possibly feel towards a neighbour as I do towards a wife or parent. Yet I am commanded to love my neighbour as myself. But love as a sentiment is not the subject of command. Love can only arise freely, spontaneously. It knows no regulations or laws. All human experience declares against the possibility of tying love down, or of forcing it along fixed channels. If love do not spring up unbidden., no chiding can compel it.

Therefore love as a general sentiment has, I feel, but a slight existence, but love as a practice I can realize very strongly. But what about the command ? Is it not there very clearly ? No, it is not ; the word rendered love (*agapè*) might with equal accuracy be rendered kindness. Indeed, Christ explains it as such : " But I say unto you Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." Now you might as well ask me to square the circle as to force my love where it will not go, and it certainly will not go out to an enemy, as an enemy.

But I can force myself to an act of kindness, I can exert myself to do him good, I can pray for him. No easy task is this. Not easy when my will desires to wander loose and free, or I to dream my own dreams, or build my own castles in the air. Not easy to compel myself to consider my enemy, to break off from this self-interest, and lend my being to another's service; not easy to enter into his views, to apprehend his reasons for his conduct, to care for him enough to take pains about him, so that I may not misjudge him—not easy, but not impossible. And how great the gain is to myself. I only know myself as I learn to know others, their difficulties, their doubts, their struggles. I only realize my own strength or weakness as I aid or fail others in the battle of life. I only enrich myself as I enrich others. I never grasp truth so firmly as when I help others to grasp it also. And then in the beautiful nature with which my Creator has blessed me, in blessing the world I most of all bless myself.

Thus I give to my own life its true nobility; for by this the common things of life, my gifts and attainments, are taken up into a higher experience, beautified and ennobled.

What a priceless boon it would be to the world at large if we were true to ourselves, felt kindly to each other, and thus fulfilled the purpose for which this emotion was given. How completely it would

change all the present discords in the relations of man to man. No more antagonisms between master and servant, between capital and labour, between sect and sect. Each would say to each, "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?" All those selfish passions that tear society asunder would exist no more. As, too, for nations, the realization of the brotherhood of man would silence the blast of war; "they should beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation should not lift up sword against nation, neither should they learn war any more." But, alas! that time seems yet far distant, and will remain distant, while the souls that have fallen from their high estate, and have become corrupt and selfish, rule the destinies of life, and change that which ought to be bright with the lustre of heaven into the darkness and gloom of perdition.

Sympathy

The story of Gotama (Buddha) illustrates many phases of this emotion very clearly. He was brought up in the house of his father, a Rajah, surrounded by every form of Oriental luxury. So he lived till his twenty-ninth year. But in his twenty-ninth year there was disclosed to him the fact of pain and its empire in the earth. He was

driving, so the story runs, and there met his eye an old man decrepit and bent with years. He asked his charioteer what it meant, when he said, "Old age like this was the fate of all men; it is what we all come to." Gotama went on a little way, and he saw a sufferer from leprosy. Again he asked what it meant; and he was told that in some form or other disease was common to all men. A little farther, and there he saw a putrefying corpse, and again he asked, and was told that without exception that was what we must all come to. On his return home he was greeted by the news of the birth of his son and heir. After midnight, when all had fallen asleep, he rose. He went and looked at his favourite wife, and the new-born child. Then he went out, leaving his wife whom he loved, his regal state, and all his luxurious life; went forth a nameless mendicant, to gain, as he thought, the victory over pain, by gaining the mastery over all the desires of human nature, and so entering Nirvana, or the "blowing out" of the fires of lust, and hatred, and passion. This was in order to obtain peace for himself in the first place, and so far has an element of selfishness in it. He soon after went forth on his ministry in fullest sympathy for the good of others, a great and a good man. From a thousand legends and narratives we may gather that to Gotama the barriers of human selfishness fell away. The thought of the great pang of sorrow

piercing the heart of the race, inconsolable, unspeakable, struck to his own heart. For him the sin of men, the unsatisfied desires, the fierce passions, the hatreds and lust poisoned his life, and he cared for nothing except for that which would change the heart and remove this fearful mass of evils. And so he laboured, and taught his doctrines until they have become the beliefs of 400,000,000 of our fellow-men.

Here was an example of sympathy in its purest form, sympathy natural to the soul; sympathy uninfluenced by Christianity, for Gotama was born about five hundred and fifty years before Christ.

But it is not every day we have an example so illustrious as this, and sympathy is for every-day life. Perhaps the most striking illustration of it is found in our lifeboat system, supported freely by the people's purse, the boats never lacking a crew. The moment the rocket is seen, telling its sad tale of a ship on the rocks, the whole village becomes wild with excitement. Women are hurrying to and fro aiding their husbands and their lovers to launch the lifeboat and face the storm, sending a cheer after them as they bend to the oars, and praying they may be in time to rescue men from a watery grave. Women are forgetting in their eagerness that those who have gone forth battling with wind and wave are the bread-winners of the home and may not return. But what of those

who are battling with the storm ? They see one man in the rigging, and as they do so every heart almost ceases to beat; they strain their oars almost to breaking-point, and with one mighty effort they gain the wreck and at last succeed in hauling the almost drowned sailor on board ; then with thankful hearts they relax their efforts a little and make for the shore ; and as they near it such a cheer greets them as has seldom been heard. And why ? What is it all about ? They have saved a life, only one, and that one life, of what sort is it ? They know absolutely nothing about it. He may be the greatest sinner who ever trod the earth, or the greatest saint. But all that matters nothing to them ; he is a brother-man and in danger, and therefore they are compelled by sympathy to do their best to save him, and to do it on the instant lest it should be too late. His antecedents they learn afterwards, or not ; they had done what our nature made a necessity.

In like manner, if I see an accident in the street, my instant feeling is one of sympathy ; and I rush forward to aid as best I may. So if there be a national disaster the heart of the whole nation and of the world is thrilled by sympathy. It is this that supports our hospitals, that contributes to the charities of the world, that tries to find out all the needs of a suffering humanity, in order that it may do its best to alleviate them. It brings all

to the aid of one, and that immediately, irrespective of the personality of the sufferer.

And yet how strange it is ! What is it to me though a man lies there before me quivering in pain ? Why should I suffer as I do ? For suffer I must ; I am necessitated to suffer with him. Surely I have enough to suffer on my own account, without adding to it the sufferings of others ? I can explain this in only one way ; it is a necessity laid upon me by the nature given to me at the first. The secularist explains it by saying that when I see another suffer, I immediately think of the probability of suffering myself, and hope by helping others they may in turn help me. This explanation I repudiate with the whole energy of my being. I know as surely as I know my own existence that when I help a stranger, I am not thinking directly or indirectly of myself. I should be ashamed of myself if I were. The world of men could not continue to exist without this community of feeling, and consequently I am made a factor in the life of humanity with my will or without it.

But I do not sympathize alone with those who are stricken in life's battles ; I give it to others in all the circumstances of their days. The athlete, fighting with adverse circumstances, has it to aid him in his struggle. The victor who has conquered in the fight has it to share with him the glory of his

conquest. I am, in a word, so like my God, in my truest moments, that I can go to man as man and say to him, "I am one with you in sorrow or in joy, in sickness or in health, in life or in death; I am with you, as my Father is with me."

Pity

Our emotions are not separated from each other by hard and fast lines of demarcation, but sometimes merge into each other so that we cannot say where one begins and the other ends, like the colours in the spectrum. We cannot say when red ends and orange begins, till we are in the centre, when we can say this is red, or this is orange. So sometimes I can affirm of a certain emotion that it is sympathy, of another that it is pity; but more frequently it may one or the other to the person who has called it forth. Pity is spoken of another as from a superior standpoint, and has usually a touch of contempt about it, which causes a person to be so restive under the consciousness of it. I can pity those with whom I feel that I have not anything in common, as the judge can pity the criminal while severely condemning him.

Again I can pity a young man of great promise, who through the misconduct of a drunken father is condemned to support his mother and family. It is hard work under great obstacles, and worst

of all is the blighting of his high and true ambitions. For him I feel the sincerest pity, without an atom of superiority in the feeling; I feel also the deepest sympathy with him in his weary struggles, and the loving desire to help him in his efforts to do his duty nobly.

Such are the emotions called forth by the action of the son, but what are those called forth by the action of the father? They are multiple; but amongst the chief are regret, especially if the father be known to me—regret that any man should so degrade all that is noble and true in his character. That he should make a soul so devil-like who had such a celestial origin.

The thought starts to the front—Is it not a pity that I should have been given the power by God to defy God, Whose wish is wholly for my good, and thus to accomplish my own destruction? But how could God do otherwise than leave me free to choose the way of life, or the way of death, without making me a mere machine? It is beyond the power even of God to do a thing, and at the same time to leave it undone. I must be either free or not free; if not free then I am a mere toy, and can neither love nor hate, for if I am powerless to hate I am powerless to love. If I cannot choose the wrong, I cannot choose the right. If free, then I am free to defy all the power in the universe, God included. Not only can I

do it, but, alas ! I am conscious of doing it many a time and oft. How often am I conscious of acting, " I will not have this man to reign over me." It may be said God is omnipotent and therefore can do all things. Yes, He can do all things possible in themselves to be done, but He cannot deny Himself. He can stand at the door and knock, but He cannot break it down. He gave Himself to the cross that He might win me. He may urge, pray, entreat, but He cannot compel me. When Peter was in danger, Christ said, " Simon, Simon, behold, Satan asked to have you, that he might sift you as wheat : but I have made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not." That is, Christ did for Peter what we can do for each other. This gives me a tremendous power for good or evil, for exactly in the same degree as I can defy all the powers of good to influence me for good, so I can defy all the powers of evil to influence me for evil. So that if I do good, it is I that do it, not some external force ; and if I do evil, it is I that do it, and not some external force. Who would have it otherwise, even if they could ? If therefore I find myself in heaven at last, I shall be able to feel that I have won the seat for myself, under God. " I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me the victor's crown (*stephanos*) of rightness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that

day." And in the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, all who are there, the citizens of heaven, are crowned with the *stephanos*; that is, with the crown of victory. They are all warriors who have wrestled, and fought, and prayed, and won the well-fought day. Only once is the word *diadem* used, the crown of the King, and that not of men but of Christ. "And His eyes were as a flame of fire, and upon His head were many *diadems*." I quote this not to prove anything, but simply to show that my convictions are in harmony with a higher authority than mine—with Scripture. When I stand in heaven, therefore, I do it as a conqueror, after many a struggle, after many a fight with the world, the flesh and the devil, and not as a log of humanity flung there by the hand of the Omnipotent.

It is, however, not always all man and not God; it is in one vital department of my life all God and not man. I am at liberty to choose whichever path I wish, but I am not at liberty to choose what the end of that path shall be. God's wish I may disregard, but His will no created force can withstand. I can sow what I like—that is my part; but "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." That is God's part. What a disastrous thing it would be if I could sow one seed and reap another. If I could sow poisonous tares, and reap nourishing wheat. If I could sow to my flesh, and

reap life everlasting. Once again wisdom is justified of her children. God's moral government is vindicated, and my freedom left untouched.

Anger

Anger is the emotion which arises when I am much displeased at some injury done to myself; and which, if I followed my own natural feeling, I would desire to avenge; but restrained by a higher feeling I determine to forgive. Or sometimes it is aroused by an unworthy deed of one I care for, a deed that is not only a sin against his God, but an injury to his own character. This anger may co-exist with love. God is angry with the wicked every day, because He loves him. So that it is possible to be angry and sin not. But this anger is not that passionate fury that seizes me sometimes, and almost deprives me of reason for the time. It is anger which is calm, judicial, and discriminating. Anger, however holy it be, is always painful to me, and therefore I make it as short-lived as possible. I do not let the sun go down upon it. In this I find another beauty of my nature. All benevolent feelings are pleasureable, therefore I cherish them, and keep them active as long as I can. On the other hand feelings of condemnation, being painful, as out of harmony with my brother, I cut short as soon as I can, and thus restore my former condition

of pleasant brotherhood. I am aware that some souls cherish feelings of animosity and hatred far beyond the time that justice demands, apparently only to gratify a personal feeling of dislike. They are, however, punished for their malevolence by the miserable consciousness of their own wrong-doing.

Shame

"No, I certainly shall not do anything of the kind. If you had asked me to carry a hare home, I would have done it gladly; but what would people say if they saw me carrying a rabbit. I should be utterly ashamed." Now why should any one be ashamed of carrying a rabbit any more than a hare, it would be difficult to say. I go to church in a shabby coat, that has been honestly purchased and honestly worn. I feel people looking at me with contempt, and I begin to feel a little bit ashamed; but I see others richly clad, who are not ashamed of their garments, being rather vain of them, though they ought to be ashamed, for they were obtained by legal dishonesty in trade. Surely therefore shame is a very peculiar and puzzling feeling. This feeling of shame is not apparently concerned with either right or wrong. It is undoubtedly difficult of analysis, but I think we may get a little aid if we examine the parable of the "unjust steward." Here was a man who was not

ashamed to rob his master, or proclaim himself a villain to his associates, but he was ashamed to beg. Why? Because his dishonesty would not lower him in the estimation of his friends, as they were as great villains as he was himself; but to beg was a different matter. The shame arose from the feeling that he was lowered in the estimation of his fellows.

So is it yet far too frequently. The rich rogue has no feeling of shame, because there are so many like him, who think nothing of it, even if they do not go the length of imitating it. In like manner a burglar will not be ashamed of being a burglar among his brother-burglars, but he will be ashamed at being caught. The higher character will do what he thinks right, no matter what the opinion of others concerning him. Paul knew full well that if he preached salvation by the crucified Jew, Christ, to the cultured Romans they would despise him, but he stuck to his colours and said, "I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome. For I am not ashamed of the gospel." If I would be saved from all this false shame I must refer my actions to principles, and not to persons. There is not anything I ought to be ashamed of but wrong-doing, for nothing ought to lower me in the eyes of my friends but that. If I have the approval of my own conscience it matters not who disapproves. They who pay undue deference to the opinions of

others make themselves the veriest slaves. Afraid to do this, afraid to leave it undone. "What will they think?" is the everlasting question. Deference to the opinion of the thoughtful and the wise is altogether right, but that is different to the slavery that trembles before a sneer, and courts the smiles of a buffoon.

Shame is the opposite of vanity. Vanity is the accidental possession of something that others envy. It matters not how we come into the possession of it. If we have it, that is sufficient. How many are vain of a pretty face, though the owner had no conscious hand in producing it. If we have one we ought to be thankful, for beauty is a power, but thankfulness is not vanity.

Vanity is often confused with pride, but they are as far apart as the poles. I have a feeling of pity for a vain man, but I admire a proud man; one who is too proud to do anything mean, or anything that may not become a man. Vanity, it seems to me, bears the same relation to pride that a monkey does to a lion.

We can readily understand how shame may be in many lives an agency for good, as when it restrains us from doing that which would brand us with what we so much dread. It is not the highest motive for abstaining from doing the wrong or the mean deed which would cause us to be despised. It is, however, a motive, and anything

which acts in that direction is to be welcomed. I naturally and rightly desire the good opinion of others. I am a member of society. I am dependent on society, one of the most dependent of beings. Place me alone, like a solitary bee, and what would become of me? The bee can provide for itself, but I cannot. Therefore, as I have to live in society, as I cannot possibly separate myself from it, what more natural than that I should wish to live in it pleasantly, as well as usefully—I doing my best to help others, and they to help me socially. But there is something better than obtaining the good opinion of others, and that is deserving it. Better far to deserve the approbation of society and not get it, than to get it without deserving it.

How many a young man in a warehouse would be ashamed to be caught by his companions on his knees, who would not be ashamed to be seen in conversation with a young man without character, and without brains. That which he has most reason to be ashamed of is his shame. May my life be so fearless of any but God that I may not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

Chapter XIV

AMBITION

As a member of society I am conscious of a strong wish to benefit those other members of it with whom I come in contact. I wish to be a power for good, so that I may leave my brother-man better than I found him. But this is ambition of the highest and noblest kind, which every one ought to feel, but which is apparently realized by only a few. There is a false ambition, equally real as a force in character, but false in its aim, which is not in the highest interests of man. It has self for its centre, where every action is focussed. It degenerates to its original name, namely *ambitio*, which was a going round by candidates for office in Rome to solicit votes. It is a grasping at all the power it can obtain purely for its own ends. They need not necessarily be ignoble ends; they may mean the welfare of a nation, without that having been the original source of the ambition. The ambitious man may have had a hundred reasons for being ambitious and finding scope for it in this

particular way. Still, I cannot help a little sympathy with the man who sets before himself a grand though selfish aim in life, and pursues it amid toil and hardship, battling with and baffling a hundred difficulties that would overcome most men. In this dogged determination to be at the top of the tree, cost what it may, lies the secret of success; lies also the danger, so that it was not without reason that Shakespeare wrote,

"Cromwell, I charge thee to fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the Angels."

I do not say that this sympathy is right, but right or wrong it is there. The sympathy may not be with the wrong that is in the ambition, but with the love of power that is in it, which must commend itself to the instinct of every one who realizes his own celestial origin, the tremendous powers he possesses, and his eternal destiny.

There are as many ambitions as there are souls who are ambitious, and whose ambitions are all different the one from the other. One very common form it assumes is that of avarice, which is simply an inordinate love of money. But why this love of money? Sometimes it is a malignant degrading disease, loving it for its own sake alone. The miser never knows a happy moment except he is gloating over his gold, and then his happiness is a misery, lest his money should be stolen, or he might be compelled to spend a little to keep himself alive.

Frequently it is for ostentation, that the possessor may surpass all his acquaintances in display and pomp. Sometimes also it is born of the belief that every man has his price, which is far too true of many cases. Indeed, the avaricious man feels that in his wealth he possesses a power which makes him master of many. Sorry power, sorry slaves; and yet wealth can do so much to dispel the clouds of life that it can scarcely be wondered at if we all sometimes bend the knee before the golden image that is set up. More usually, however, the race for gold in this age of severe competition in business is merely the desire to gain sufficient to live in ease and comfort, which can scarcely be called avarice, but it is certainly not an ambition worthy of the name.

I have said that I am ambitious of many things, but the ambition which crowns them all is to be a son of the Lord Almighty. Beyond that I cannot soar, lower than that would not satisfy my better nature.

Chapter XV

RESTLESSNESS

We are told that the "Athenians spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." In this the Athenians are worthy representatives of men of culture in all times and in all places, impelled thereto by an instinct difficult to explain and understand. Still, let us try to fathom the matter as far as we can. I see a flower. I admire its form, its colour, its fragrance. Am I satisfied with that? Do I not want to know any more about it? I certainly do. I want to know how it is built up, and therefore I bring my microscope to bear on it, and so learn about its minutest structure. Am I contented now? No, for the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. I must go beyond the senses and enter into the holiest of all, and answer the question which meets me there. Who designed that flower, tinted it, and gave it perfume? When I answer that, I am satisfied on that point. Let us turn our thoughts from the beauties of earth to the

glories of heaven, and the same lesson is taught us One starry night Napoleon was surrounded by his savants, who were speaking about the stars. He listened quietly for a time, and then said, "Very well, gentlemen, but who placed them there?" That must always be the final question, but preceding it there are many others that must occupy our attention.

This restlessness that is always crying "Forward" is perhaps more clearly seen in the history of the inductive sciences than in any other department of thought. Every discovery of a new fact is but a stepping-stone to the discovery of another new fact. The soul is perpetually crying, "More light, more light." I look up and see the stars gemming the sky. What can be more beautiful? Am I content with the sight? No. The poor carpenter must wonder what they are. He must answer something, and so he says, "They are gimblet holes into heaven." There have been worse answers than that. The astronomers took the task in hand, having even a greater curiosity than the carpenter, and they discovered that the stars were suns. What next? How far were they off? They learned. What next? What were they made of? They learned. What next? They learned. What next? Can we see all the stars that exist? They learned. What next? Can we learn what the stars are made of that we have never seen? They

learned. What next? Still achieving still pursuing, onwards, ever onwards *ad infinitum.*

Exactly the same with Art. Who ever heard of a painter, sculptor, musician being satisfied with his work, and not having any desire to attain to greater excellence. Yes, I have heard of a great painter having been caught in front of his picture weeping. When asked why he wept, his answer was, "Because I am satisfied;" meaning that further progress was unattainable, so long as he had no desire for it.

But this restlessness is degraded by the mighty power of my soul into a vulgar curiosity about the affairs of my neighbours; sitting at my window watching who goes in, guessing what they want, making up for lack of information by the fertility of my imagination, and spreading a baseless lie as solid truth. What cannot my soul do in such a case? Is there any limit to its possibility of the dishonouring of itself?

So with regard to other lesser things. A man supposes if he had so much wealth, he would be content. He gets it, and is more dissatisfied than ever. Whatever I am most anxious for in this life as the one thing to satisfy me, and therefore struggle for it and perhaps gain it, when gained I find it but delusive as a mirage.

Why has the Creator given me this desire for something further on; so beautifully expressed by

St. Paul: "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching to those things which are before." This was said by him in relation to his Christian life, but it is equally true of all life.

But why has our Creator given us this imperative instinct? Simply to prevent our becoming squatters on one corner of the universe of God, and to force us onwards to take possession of the whole. Had Handel been satisfied with the poor compositions that sufficed for the poorest of the Italian text writers, we should have lost the *Messiah*. What a loss that would have been, what tongue can tell! If Rembrant had been satisfied with the "Money-changer," we had never had the "Descent from the Cross." The same is true of men of all time. If Zeuxis had not striven to do better than in his "Eros crowned with Roses," we had never had the "Helena at Croton." Thus, indeed, providentially it shall be for all time to come. This feeling of restlessness is not one of dissatisfaction or regret. If it were so it might cause me to stop my forward steps towards the discovery of the unknown. It is on the other hand a source of gladness to have something before me knowable but unknown, which I may learn and so add to my treasures of thought. So true is this that the question has frequently been discussed, whether is there more pleasure in the discovery, or in the search after truth, of new facts?

What a miserable condition would I be in, if I had nothing more to learn! I can only find rest in known completeness, but as there is nothing complete in time, what a glorious prospect is set before me of the power and privilege of penetrating more and more into the mysteries of God, through all eternity.

> "What vast and unsuspected universes
> Lie beyond thought, where yet He rules."

Chapter XVI

AESTHETIC EMOTIONS.

I pluck a flower by the wayside, and after a minute's admiration say, "How beautiful!" I continue to gaze at it, and as its delicacy of texture, its purity of tint, its fragrant perfume, grow upon me I again exclaim, "how beautiful!" What do I mean by saying it is beautiful? I may be answered by being told "I say it is beautiful because it is beautiful." Its beauty thrills me beyond the power of expression. If I pause to ask myself the question, "*What is beauty?*" I am at a loss for an answer. Many writers have attempted to define beauty; all have utterly failed. I can easily determine the circumstances under which it arises, but cannot tell what it is. The aesthetic consciousness belongs to human nature by birthright; it precedes culture and the possibility of culture. Tokens of it are among the earliest indications of intelligence in the child. It cannot be resolved into any other faculty, or accounted for by any line of association. It is so far divorced from utility that the greater part of

its objects are practically useless. I must refer it back as a primary fact of consciousness which is incapable of analysis. For example, a farmer and his daughter go out to walk in the field ; she gathers a handful of daisies, and holding them up, says, " Are they not beautiful ? " and the father answers, " Tush ! child, they are mere weeds ; I wish I could get them all out of my field." How shall the child demonstrate that there is beauty in the daisy ? She cannot, simply because there is not any beauty in the daisy. There is no beauty outside ourselves in any flower, or in anything else. Beauty is a creation of my soul, with which it invests external objects. If the farmer's soul cannot, or does not, create this beauty, and endow the daisy with it, there is for him no beauty there. It is not that it is there, but he does not see it ; but it does not exist. It was therefore the daughter who was mistaken, and not the father. There are possibly some latent soul modes at work of which I am unconscious ; aiding but not compelling the direction of my feelings.

This explains the different conceptions of the beautiful that are current amongst men. The negro thinks a woman beautiful that would not be regarded as such in a London drawing-room. " Oh !" but you say, " his taste is not cultured." This simply means that he does not admire what we admire. The beauty of Africa is, however, as really beautiful to

the native of Africa as the belle of London is to the native of London. We ourselves change our notions of beauty from year to year, under the guidance of fashion. A lady some time since was said to be beautifully dressed when she wore a gown that made her look like Venus emerging from a balloon. Then after a short interval of time she was said to be beautifully attired if she wore a dress that made her look like a walking lamp-post. This would be impossible if beauty were a quality inherent in the object; what is round is always round, and what is yellow is yellow always, and to every one, unless they are colour-blind.

This becomes still more evident when we remember that we as frequently apply the term beauty to states of thought, and to actions, as we do to material things. When I see or hear of a grand deed done, I say what a beautiful action; or when I read the poems of a Tennyson, a Lewis Morris, or a hundred other poets, I feel the perpetual consciousness of being present with beautiful thoughts. I am for the time being living the experience of St. Paul, when he said that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard words impossible for a man to utter. Yes, at such times I lose thought of the words and live in the higher suggestions they have started, and which words are impossible to express.

It is interesting to note the relation between physical beauty and moral beauty, or beauty from

matter and beauty from action. The morally beautiful is that which, if represented as a picture, would form one on which the eye would love to look. In the whole realm of things unseen, there is a field for the exercise of the aesthetic faculty, and it is the same faculty that takes cognizance of beauty from nature ; for it is a pictorial faculty ; it makes to itself visual if not visible likenesses of what it admires ; with the requisite skill of hand it would put them upon canvas, or cut them in marble.

Perhaps the purest, noblest, truest beauty the world knows is the beauty of holiness, because it is the beauty of conscious effort towards the realization of the grandest ideal given to man ; an ideal which is not altogether ideal, but is wholly real, or the ideal realized.

"Eternal Spring, and Source
Of happiness and weal!
Indwelling and unfailing Force!
Who dost Thyself reveal
In every jocund day, and restful night;
In every dawn serenely bright;
In every tide of yearning which doth roll,
Heavenward, some growing soul!"

There is one point, however, about the emotion of beauty concerning which all are agreed: it is always accompanied with pleasure, and the pleasure is in proportion to the intensity of the emotion. The

moment I realize that any object or thought is beautiful I am pleased, and so is every man cultured or uncultured. The pleasures may be as varied as are the conceptions of beauty, but they are there notwithstanding. Some may take exception to this statement, and adduce the case of the tiger, which is beyond question very beautiful, but would scarcely be regarded as a pleasing object of contemplation to the man beneath his paws. Nevertheless the tiger is a most pleasing object in the grace of its movements and the marking of its fur; and this would be acknowledged by all were it not for its teeth and its claws. But where these are rendered powerless its beauty is granted with pleasure.

How greatly do these two facts, that I have a feeling of beauty, and that I have pleasure in that feeling, change for me the whole of nature and of humanity! Had it not been for them, I would have been a human being with the intelligence and enjoyments of a cow. I, and all men, would have been as our well-known friend to whom "a primrose on the river's brink, a primrose is to him, and it is nothing more." What a world of pleasure should we then have lost, pleasure of the truest and purest kind—a pleasure of which I can never tire. I might weary of the masterpieces of the greatest artists, for I would soon exhaust all they have to tell me. But not so with the panorama which

God has spread before me, which grows not only dearer, but even fresher with the years, to which I have waked many a morning as to a new creation. The Creator, as it were, has put His entire, infinite selfhood into whatever He does; therefore, wherever I go I find His beauties, and where I might least expect them. The long polar night, for example, what beauties can I find there? It is made more glorious than day by the lambent flames that shoot up from the horizon, bathe the ice-fields in their brilliant glow, and crown the zenith with their radiant diadem. In mid-ocean they are there, in the dance and swell of the emerald crested billows, in the thousand rainbows that leap and dance on the rising spray as it is dashed aside from the vessel's side. In a word, there is always around us a wealth of beauty beyond our utmost capacity of feeling and enjoying; and the more sensitive I become aesthetically, morally, spiritually, the more I can appreciate and transmute with joy, praise and love all His works, and echo the thought "He hath made everything beautiful."

"Oh, blest and glorious lot, always to be
With dreams of beauty compassed round about"

Chapter XVII

MUSIC

Of all the emotions of which I am conscious, music* is certainly one of the most thrilling and influential. It stirs me to my inmost depths, as few other feelings can. It is literally true that it carries me away out of myself. When under its spell I transcend my ordinary thought and feeling, and am carried into another world; and if it be sacred music that world is the world where God is. While there, lapped in its harmonies, and soaring in its adorations, I feel how real that world is, and how surely it must at last be eternally realized. It appeals to the best within me, the best sentiments, the noblest aspirations, the purest affections are those most congenial to it. It thus becomes a sure path to God. We may get to God in many ways, but there is scarcely any path of expression so open and so direct as that of music. Naturally therefore it finds its most congenial service in the

*In this section the word "Music" is used both for Music itself and the emotion—the pleasurable emotion—which music awakens in the soul. The psychological vocabulary seems in all languages to be defective in terms to indicate the different aesthetical emotions.

service of holy song. Worship as an organized thing could not exist without it; it draws to itself the great composers, whom it first attunes to its temper, and then sets to its tasks, which invariably prove to be their greatest works.

When the soul is full to overflowing it bursts forth into melody. Whether it be in the prison at the midnight hour, or with the Covenanters amid the valleys and caves of their country, or with the Pilgrim Fathers in their far-off land, they all broke forth in singing. It finds itself equally at home in the lordly cathedral, the humble conventicle, or the mountain side; in a word wherever God is, there is the place for praise.

Because it appeals to the highest and purest of our feelings its refining influence is incalculable. Handel said that during the twenty-one days in which he composed the *Messiah* he seemed to see the heavens opened and the angels of God ascending and descending. He broke out into audible sobs while writing to the words, "He was despised and rejected of men," and the original score of the great Oratoria is stained and blurred by the tears that fell on its pages as he wrote. Haydn tells us, "When I was engaged in composing the *Creation*, I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling that, before I sat down to write, I earnestly prayed to God that He would enable me to praise

Him worthily." Mendelssohn was equally eminent as Christian, scholar, and musician. He could not write an opera because he could not find a worthy libretto. To him music was too fine and high an art to be wedded to the vulgar or the commonplace. Not that opera is always that, but it is beneath the level of the highest in thought. And the same is true of the oratorias and cantatas of Sebastian Bach, whose sweet Christian spirit and reverend piety were breathed into these stately compositions for the organ, which are the inspiration of musicians in all the earth.

What sweeter sympathy have we in companionship than that afforded by music. My violin wails with me in my sorrow, it is merry with me in my gladness, it is quiet in my time of meditation, it talks to me in my solitude, and effectually prevents me from feeling that I am ever alone. Human companions often jar on me with harshest discords, till I could cry out in very agony of spirit, but true music never.

That is because its language is not that of words but of tones; a language far more varied and subtle than that of words which are the language of thought, but this is the language of feeling. The other speaks to the reason and the understanding, but this to the heart. Its melodies and harmonies comprehend and wonderfully surpass all powers of rhetoric. All the finer emotions of the heart

cannot be fully uttered in words ; never till music takes them in hand and interprets them with a truthfulness and impressiveness that are wholly its own. Harangue an army as you will on going into action, some will be eager for the fray, but others will still remain eager to march in the opposite direction. But strike up their National Anthem, and every coward becomes a hero, and trembles now, not with fear, but with desire for the fight. This inspiriting power of music to act like oil upon the turbulent waters of passion is beautifully illustrated in the case of Elisha, who, when he was perturbed in spirit and standing in a bad temper before Jehoshaphat, said, " ' Bring me now a minstrel.' And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him." The same was true of Saul when he was in a vicious temper, which was frequently the case, but when David played before him the bad temper departed from him and he was well again.

It is not a figure of speech to call music a language. A language is not of words alone, but any mode of revealing another's soul to mine. A painting reveals the painter's soul to me far better than could any words. A statue gives me an insight into the sculptor's soul, and tells me his dreams before he ever put a chisel to marble, with a fulness that could never be done by a spoken language. The Greek recognized this when he spake of the

music of the spheres. David has caught the idea when, in singing the glory of God in the heavens, he says, "There is nor speech, nor language; their voice cannot be heard." They have a voice, though it is not speech nor language, but it is a voice that cannot be heard by the ear, but it is heard by the heart. And above all, He who spake as never man spake quoted with approval the words, "Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord, doth man live." Bread is one word, but all are words that God has made. Every flower, every song of birds, every tune of melody, everything that comes from God is a revelation of God and is His language to us. And what a glorious language it is! What are all the words of man compared with it! Yet Parhasius, Zeuxis, Raffael and many more have bequeathed to us mighty poems in colour; Phidias, Canova and Michael Angelo in form; Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn in tone. How do they all shrink into insignificance before the words of God! Still there is a Word of God mightier, grander than all these, and that is Christ, who is called *The Word*, because He more than all other words reveals the Father to us.

If music gives me the greatest pleasure, its caricature gives me the greatest pain, and as that is what we now hear most frequently, the question arises whether we derive more pleasure or pain from music.

I refer to commonplace ditties, with meaningless accompaniments, which are yelled forth with warbles infinite in drawing-rooms; purposeless anthems, noised by amateur professionals in churches; cantatas and operas which are mere occasions for displaying feats of vocal gymnastics, and other non-musical crudities. One might hope that these discordant tortures were now becoming extinct; but they are not, for it is almost impossible still to go into a church without being made to shudder at the murder that is in progress.

I am painfully aware of the tremendous *argumentum ad hominem* that may be brought against the high position I claim for music. It will be objected that the biographies of many eminent musicians, and the generally observed facts concerning the mental and moral status of the average musician, do not seem to accord with what I have claimed as a theory. Now it is perfectly true that many musicians are not an ornament to their profession. We must remember, however, that every true musician, by the very sensitiveness of his nature, is peculiarly exposed to some kinds of temptation. Besides, music like every other art may be made the vehicle of impure feeling, perverted imagination, and unholy affections. Admitting, then, that all art, in proportion to its fineness, may be perverted, and so, that music, the finest and most spiritual of the arts, may be the most radically perverted of

them all, it is still distinctly true that such perversion is always manifest, divesting it of all its winsome grace and lofty dignity. It must also be remembered that much depends upon the moral condition of the hearer. If he be base in himself, he will convert the music into something similar. The same piece of music may be heard by different persons, and no two of them will clothe it with the same ideas. To one it may be draped in royal robes, to another in the rags of a beggar. There are, however, limits to this, as I have said. It would be impossible to drag down to a low level such music as the love-song " Adelaide " of Beethoven. Sometimes also the greatest artists have erred in worshipping their art, rather than the divine truth underlying it. The magnificent strains of song have gone into countless hearts, enkindling in them something of the love and faith and hope out of which they were born. I have much, oh ! how much ! to be thankful for to my great Creator, but of all gifts of the lesser life none greater than the power given to me to transfigure noise into melody.

Chapter XVIII

PRAYER

Strong as may be my admiration for the beautiful, deeply as I may be stirred by the strains of melody, there is yet another emotion more powerful and more lasting than either of these, and that is my desire for communion with God in the form of prayer. The love of the beautiful may lessen with the decrease of my powers, the desire for music may wane as I grow decrepit, but the wish to pray grows stronger as years are added to my life. From youth to age do the recurrent notes of my religious life go sounding on through the intervening time. How naturally does the child bend its knees and clasp its little hands in prayer. It knows nothing about God except what its mother tells it, but the intuition is there. It is not the result of reasoning, for reason alone is against it. The rationalist, who unreasonably refers everything in his life to reason, never prays; he disregards every instinct of his being. For God he most irrationally substitutes Nature, and leaves himself without the blessing of prayer. To quote the sad words of Mr. Holyoake:

"Shall the shattered vessel essay to rule the stormy ocean which dashes it about upon its bosom? Nature acts with fearful uniformity—stern as fate, absolute as tyranny, merciless as death; too vast to praise, too inexplicable to worship, too inexorable to propitiate. Its silence is profound; and when we ask its secrets, it points to death." This iceberg of negations is far too cold and misty to satisfy the positive yearnings of man's heart for personal intercourse with a personal Father.

Herbert Spencer says that the only way we have of distinguishing between what is real and what is only apparent is by the persistence of our consciousness. If ever there were a persistent consciousness, it is certainly the consciousness of the necessity of prayer that we see running through the ages. From the first appearance of man down through the history of the world I find the same tribute to the fact and persistence of prayer. Even amongst savage tribes as the Kurumbars of India or the Bushmen of South Africa, there was prayer to their gods. When we come to Egypt, or Kam as it was at first named, how beautiful are many of the prayers in the "Book of the Dead," or rather the "Book of the Soul's Transformation." Prayer chiefly to the god Osiris, and this thousands of years before the first dawn of Greek culture. If we turn to Greece, how noble are the prayers of Socrates and others. Socrates asked Zeus for inner

moral purity and beauty : " One ought not to wish for children in one's prayers, nor riches, nor power, nor long life ; one must simply ask for wisdom and what is good for us. Once we are penetrated with these sentiments, nothing more salutary and purifying to our feebleness than to invoke God in all important interests of our life, and at the beginning of all our labours." We are here forcibly reminded of the prayer of Solomon. Many, indeed, an utterer of prayer in present times might take it as a model. The prayer of the ancient Peruvians is worth preserving : " O Pachamac, Thou who hast existed from the beginning and shall exist to the end, powerful and pitiful, who createst man by saying, ' Let man be,' who defendest us from evil and preservest our life and health, art Thou in the sky or in the earth, in the clouds or in the depths ? Hear the voice of him who implores Thee, and grant him his petitions. Give us life everlasting, preserve us, and accept this our sacrifice."

Therefore I consider myself justified in asserting that prayer is an *à priori* necessity in the consciousness of humanity. How necessary it is may be illustrated by the prayer of Holbach, an *atheist !* He had no God to pray to, but pray he must ; therefore he adopted Nature as a substitute : " O Nature, sovereign of all beings ! And ye, her adorable daughters, virtue, reason and truth ! Remain for ever our revered protectors ; it is to you that

belong the praises of the human race; to you appertains the homage of the earth. Show us, then, O Nature, that which man ought to do in order to obtain the happiness which thou makest him desire," and so on *ad nauseum*. This was not written in a lunatic asylum, though it is worthy of such a birthplace. I am fully aware there are some few who do not acknowledge any God, and therefore do not pray; but that does not in the slightest mitigate the universality of the consciousness of the rightness of prayer.

There has been much controversy lately as to what I may properly ask God for. Am I justified in asking Him to send rain, for instance, in a period of drought. Some say that such a request would be asking Him to violate His own laws, which is impossible, and consequently useless. But how do I know that such an action by God would be any violation of the order of nature? This exception to the law of rain might be as really a part of a predestined order as the law itself. In a word, all this talk about what God can and cannot do is useless. There can be no doubt that in God's physical world He can do anything,not inherently impossible, if He wish. The real question is: Does He wish? I think not, and therefore I never ask for a physical boon; so far, I am at one with Socrates.

God has arranged the laws of nature in such a manner as to tend perpetually and universally for the

good of everybody; if, therefore, I ask Him to change this order for the sake of a few who are inconvenienced by it, I am asking Him to put aside that which is best for that which is not best. When I ask for rain, when otherwise there would not be rain, I am asking Him to interfere with the law that cold condenses or that heat expands. The result of that can neither be imagined nor expressed. The watchmaker constructs his chronometer to keep exact time in all atmospheric temperatures, and it does it. But if some one were to ask him to readjust it to keep time with his watch, which for the moment was slow, and another came to ask him to adjust it to his watch which was fast, I scarcely think he would listen to them, for if he did he would ruin his chronometer. And beside all this, it should not be forgotten that most of the calamities that nations pray to be delivered from are preventable by human agency. Is it a city's drought? Then if we open our pockets and build larger reservoirs, we should escape, for if we let our water, when plentiful, run to waste, no wonder when it is sometimes scarce it runs to want. Is it famine? Then let us distribute food more equally over the earth; there is enough on the earth at any time to supply all men with food; but if we allow some few men to corner the grain, that they may make colossal fortunes, it is no wonder that some go short. Is it war? Let brotherly love continue, or rather let it start, and

do not be guilty of the mockery of singing *Te Deums* for so much slaughter. Is it pestilence? Let us make drains and wash them, and ourselves. If all these things could be remedied by prayer, how would it kill all motive for research, and leave us the prey of our own ignorance, carelessness and disregard of God. I think the more reverent thought is to leave God to do His own work in His own way, and we may be sure that way will be best for us.

There is yet a large field for prayer left in our earthly lives; prayer for His Spirit to guide my spirit in my spirit life, a guidance that is required daily and hourly. In my prosperity I need to be taught how to make it useful to my true growth; in my adversity I need to be taught how to force a blessing from it. In the trials, afflictions, cares that meet me in my family, in my person, in my business, in my studies; in fact, in everything I require His Presence with me, that I may make all things work together for my good. Did I appeal to the testimony of Christians of all past years, they would unitedly affirm that their own experience told them an answer to such prayer was a very real thing; that the hope which buoyed them up when all seemed hopeless; that the faith which enabled them to face and overcome difficulties that seemed insurmountable; that the courage which gave fire to the eye and unflinching boldness of confession

to the tongue before a hostile tribunal; that the unshaken trust which led them with unfaltering step to the martyr's stake were no mere reactions of their feelings on themselves, but heaven-sent aid to help them in their hour of need.

Why is my Christianity such a dubious thing? Why have I such a need of realizing the privilege, the power, the blessedness of praying? Because I do not pray the prayer that is no more I myself alone, but myself and God together, in one communion and fellowship of spirit. Compared with prayer, the most gorgeous ceremonials are paltry, and the grandest rituals fade into insignificance. Prayer! Yes; each valiant resistance of temptation, each brave conquest over personal evil is an aspiration heavenward. Every time I nurture pure thoughts, every time I strengthen upright purposes, I implore help from the Unseen. All loving deeds, all merciful acts, all self-denying sufferings plead with a good God on behalf of needed aid. A certain author, breasting the keen wind and the driving sleet, saw a man on the pavement, leaning against the wall. His face was pinched and pale, but he asked no alms, held out no hand. The spectators passed and repassed, yet there was not a single cry for relief. Being curious, he at last asked, "Why don't you beg?" "Beg? beg?" exclaimed the poor fellow. "Look at my clothes; see my miserable bones scarce covered with flesh; *I am* begging with a

hundred tongues." It is not otherwise as regards ourselves; our deep needs and our earnest desires are our urgent petitions.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer is the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'"

Chapter XIX

SLEEP

Of all the conditions of my soul, sleep is about the most peculiar. It is nearly insensible to present surroundings, but not altogether. The sound of rain on the window will suggest to my soul a severe storm; my head under a pillow, the danger of suffocation. A person can direct my thoughts pretty much as they choose. This, and still more dreams, prove that all my past thoughts and incidents are latent in the soul, but not in regular order. They occur in most grotesque combinations, incidents of yesterday mingling with incidents of childhood, as though they were contemporary. Events that never happened at all flash out with startling vividness. The will clearly is suspended, and has no control whatever over the succession of my thoughts and feelings. My dreams are sometimes pleasant, sometimes terrible, as in nightmare, and without any apparent reason. A lobster at supper-time may now and then be the offending thing, but it is not always indigestion; and how indigestion

should operate in dreamland it is impossible to think. Volition is not only suspended, but even consciousness is inoperative; so that it is difficult to imagine in what condition I am. It seems as though a sea of thoughts were surging through me in dreams, without any guiding or controlling power. Some think that the soul is at rest in a dreamless sleep, but I do not believe that such a sleep is ever slept by man. When we say that we have not dreamt, we mean that we cannot recollect having had dreams. But in the course of the day some incident occurs that recalls the dream to my memory. Or it may be that some person heard me talking in my sleep, and thus knows that I have dreamt, whatever I may think to the contrary. In somnambulism I may rise from my bed, and do many things, yet know nothing of it when I awake. The dreams I remember best are those which occur just as I am waking; this is natural, because they have not had time to fade away like the others.

The dream may have appeared to occupy years, although actually it was but a minute; this, however, is no difficulty, as in dreams time has no place. Lavalette relates how one night, just as he was falling asleep, it struck twelve. Immediately a horrible procession of flayed men and horses passed before him; this appeared to last for hours. When at length it ended, he touched his repeater and it struck twelve, so that the whole horrible dream

had passed in one minute. This is analagous to the experience of many who were on the point of being drowned, but who, having been recovered, stated that just as they felt to be expiring the whole of their past life appeared as it were in a flash before them. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies."

Another strange feature in dreams is that I never express surprise at whatever appears to happen, though it may seem as real as the doings of my waking hours. I may be conversing with an intimate friend who has been dead for years, yet I take it as a matter of course. It is a world of the dead in the hues of life.

Sleep is a priceless boon to the body. The organs that are influenced by volition have a rest. The transformations of tissue are much diminished, the heart's action becomes slackened both in frequency and force, and the respiration also diminishes in depth and rapidity. The changes in the tissues are slow, and the waste minimized, so, though nutrition is also lowered, yet repair can now take place with little interruption; and those waste products of cellular activity which have been produced in quantity during the working hours of wakefulness, and which towards evening have clogged the living tissues, can now be got rid of, and, passing into the venous blood, are removed from the body by the system of purifying glands.

But they are my latent forces that are at work, and therefore I am working still, but unconsciously, and in less degree than usual, it is the *Ego* ceaselessly active. There is no cessation of my wondrous activity, even in sleep.

"They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Mortals compassed round with woe;
Eyelids wearied out with weeping,
Closed for every weakness now.
And that short relief from sorrow
Harassed Nature shall sustain,
Till they wake again to-morrow
Strengthened to contend with pain.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment, softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed.
Other hopes have all forsaken,
One remains, that slumber deep;
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep."

Chapter XX

MY CONFLICT

The early Iranian, looking at the problem of the universe, saw clearly the two sides of the world: the bright morning, the cheerful sunlight, and on the other hand, the clouds, gloomy mist, storm and dark night which swallowed these up. He noted the graceful and useful animals of creation: the bird, the deer, the horse; and, on the other hand, the serpent, the parasites, the poisonous insects, and the wild savage beasts of nature. Therefore he believed in two deities: Ahura Mazda, the creator of the bright, true and beautiful, who could not create evil, sickness, sorrow, death: and also in Ahriman, the author of all that is bad, wrong and repellent. He could not imagine how one deity could be the creator of both sides of nature and of man. The same problem is even yet puzzling many, for when I look into my own consciousness I find there at different times an apparent melancholy dualism in my nature, a kind of double personality. A rational

self and an animal self ; a spiritual self and a carnal self. A strange, confused, ambiguous, contradictory nature. Keenly felt by St. Paul : " For the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh ; and these are contrary the one to the other ; so that I cannot do the things that I would." Again he says : " For the good which I would I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I practise." Is not this the experience more or less of every one, making life a long struggle between what I know I ought to do, and what I know I wish, but ought not to do. I live on a battle field where there is a continual warfare between the Ormazd and the Ahriman that dwell within me.

That warfare must go on either until the good conquers the evil, or until the evil conquers the good. In some souls that are naturally inclined to be good the war is but slight, for which they may be very thankful, but in those where love of evil is in the ascendant it is enough sometimes to almost unseat reason upon her throne. I do not mean evil as evil, but things that are evil but pleasant to the senses.

I find it agreeable to drift pleasantly with the current, gratifying every sensuous wish, regardless of the right or wrong, till the roar of the cataract rouses me from my pleasant slumbers, when, if I would not shoot Niagara, I must up and pull for the shore against both wind and current—pull for my very

life. Pull till my sinews almost crack and my eyeballs start from their sockets. Bless God, if it be not too late. Now begins the real strain of life. I have let the lusts of the flesh gain such mastery that it feels a hopeless task to put them in their proper place. They clamour for entrance with an assurance born of past indulgence. It is hard at first to refuse their cry—it would be impossible but for prayer and the help it brings me from on high. As I wrestle, and fight, and pray on unceasingly, the struggle becomes easier, and at last almost ceases. Then the discords of my life end, and the eternal harmony prevails : the music of the heart is heard. The battle was hard and long before the victory was won, but it was worth every unshed tear, every grave of buried hopes, every *stephanos* of thorns that the conqueror wears.

The antagonisms in my nature are not, however, limited to those that are moral. There are antagonisms quite as strong in my intellectual nature as well, and which do not present the same repellent aspect as those that are immoral. I refer to those of faith and doubt. I have sometimes a faith in things unseen that is calm in the calmness of conscious strength ; at other times I feel as though I had faith in nothing, not even in God, wondering whether there be a God or not. The problem which comes, often unbidden, before me is this : Taking the world as it is, and taking God as He is,

or as I believe Him to be, can I harmonize the two and make them agree together. I look at the animal world, and I find creatures fitted to tear each other. I watch a cat playing with a mouse some time before it kills it. I am told it is the cat's instinct, but who gave it this instinct ? Is this the doing of a God who is very pitiful and of tender mercy ? I find man the cruellest of them all. The hunter, the fisher, the sportsman spend all the time they can spare taking away life for *sport*. I see woman—so-called gentle, tender-hearted woman—giving high prices for the slaughter of beautiful birds, simply to decorate a hat.

These, too, generally are the favoured ones of Providence, who have nothing to do but to eat, drink and be merry. David was troubled with similar doubts. He saw the wicked prosperous and happy, while he was in trouble and sorrow ; but he considered the end of both : their end was misery, his would be happiness. The duration of these after states would be almost infinitely long as compared with the present ; then it would be a little happiness and long misery for the one, and a little misery and long happiness for the other ; and at last, after climbing up from crag to crag, he would reach the mountain top of full trust and faith. So is it with almost every thoughtful soul; however clear the sky may be on the whole, clouds will sweep across it, involving our path in

greater or less degrees of darkness. Doubt is a sorrow second to none. Whoever has known the bitterness of the thought of a universe unguided by a God of justice, and without an eternity wherein the cry of an afflicted creation shall no longer remain unavenged, has known the first taste of the cup of sorrow which is mournfully drunk by earnest, thoughtful men. He, indeed, that has felt it will not grudge the labour of a life to enable him to leave the quicksands of scepticism and place his feet on the rock of truth :—

"He fought his doubts, and gathered strength;
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own."

Chapter XXI

MY LIFE'S WORK

I am a soul, I *have* a body ; the body is what I call matter for want of a better term. Matter cannot originate motion or continue it beyond the duration of the force by which it was originated. The necessary inference from this is great beyond comprehension. The life of the body is therefore an activity of the soul. Consequently, from the hour of birth to the hour of death, every breath I draw, every pulsation of the heart, every thrill of my nerves, every contraction of my muscles is a present activity of the soul. Not only that, but there is a constant watchfulness on every cell, so that when it falls in, it may be replaced by a new one. In a word, everything that contributes to the life of the body is the soul's unceasing task. The body requires nourishment every day to supply its waste, the soul never requires any. It may be said that it is the food that keeps the body going, but of what use is the food in the absence of the soul ? I

say it is the soul rather than the *Ego*, because, as it is all done apart from consciousness on my part, it causes the soul to appear almost an entity separable from me, which, of course, it is not. It is the exercise of the soul's unconscious force which built up the body at the first, and which keeps it going still. But while acting unconsciously in the formation of the body, it was not without control of some sort, because it was necessitated to form the body in relation to the character of the soul, so that the body should indicate in a special manner the character of the soul. All this is very mysterious, but not more mysterious than everything else.

Leaving now the unconscious but active soul to one side, I come to the work of the conscious self. That work is to attend to and guide the thoughts and feelings of every hour of my life. Not one of them, right or wrong, happy or miserable, of short or long duration, but is the soul's ; first to experience them, and then to write them on the tablets of my memory. To realize what this means would require as many hours as I have lived, for I have been thinking and feeling all the time.

But even now the record of my soul's work is not nearly ended. There is the universe of matter surrounding me on every side. I was made in the image of the Omnipotent and the Omniscient. I wish to be like my Father, as it is possible for the

finite to be like the Infinite. Hence, I want to approach the Omnipotent as closely as I can. I therefore wish to obtain what power I may over nature, and I am succeeding very largely, and every year my success is becoming greater. How mighty am I in the world compared with what man was a hundred years ago! I have a few of the energies of electricity at my command. They are mighty beyond expression, and what are they compared to those which are unknown, but waiting revelation.

I also wish to be as present everywhere as I can. How am I to be present to the things of earth? By the revelation made to me by the light which comes to me from them. In exactly the same way am I present to the stars. Formerly they were present to me as spots of light, but it is far different now. At present I can compel the rays they send me from such tremendous distances to tell me of their structure, composition and every-day life, as I have shown.

But here I become bewildered by my own greatness, the universe of thoughts that crowd upon me, and there seems to sound within me a voice far off and yet very near, "Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness."

Chapter XXII

DEATH

When life is coming to an end, the reign of consciousness passes, and inference takes its place. I see enough people die around me to force the inference, amounting to conviction, that I too must die. I see those who but yesterday were full of life and health stretched there before me, things, and only things —no longer men. I stand by the side of the dead, and see the eyes that once beamed with lustre now closed and visionless; the lips that once breathed sweetest melody now hushed in eternal silence. I ask myself, What is the meaning of it all? What is this death? Some say it is a great mystery, unknown to human reason and unknowable by it. I think not so; the mystery seems to me that death does not happen early in life. For what is it but that I keep on working the body until, through accident, disease or decrepitude, I can no longer use it, and consequently I leave the ruins of what was so recently my home and go forth an unhoused tenant.

The atoms of my body being no longer under the control of the regal Soul, come under the control of physical forces, and so are turned to their parent dust. But I go forth from out this body, where I am no longer master; go forth with all the memories of my past life still fresh as ever; go forth, perhaps to nothingness, perhaps to new experiences. I say perhaps, for being outside the reign of consciousness, I cannot have any assured certainty what the future has in store for me.

Some believe the most horrible of all beliefs, that there is no hereafter for me, but that death ends all. Parting for a time from those we love is bad enough, but parting for ever from them appears to me to be simply maddening :—

"Dear love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever, farewell!
Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began,
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of Man.
O we poor orphans of nothing, alone on that lonely shore;
Born of the brainless nature, who knows not that which she bore;
Come from the brute, poor souls, no souls to die with the brute."

How sad the words! Yet how true of the atheist's creed!

But does death end all? Most assuredly not. No material substance can be destroyed. It is one of the most certain convictions of science that all matter is absolutely indestructible. We can alter

the form and composition of any compound, but we cannot destroy a single atom. Form is altered by the introduction of something that changes the position of the atoms relatively to each other. Heat, for instance, will sever them so far that they lose their original shape.

As the substance called matter cannot be annihilated it is natural to infer that still less can the substance called soul be annihilated. Consequently death does not end me, nor does it change my form, for as I am indivisible, I cannot be made to assume any other form than that I now have. I am therefore justified in assuming that neither in substance nor in form I am destroyed by death.

Chapter XXIII

IMMORTALITY

Death is therefore the giving forth of the soul unclothed till the time shall come for it to be clothed upon with a fresh house, an eternal habitation, never more to be unclothed again, long as eternity shall last. At least that is the necessary assumption in the present course of thought. As this is only an autobiography, I am precluded from quoting the Holy Scriptures in proof of my statements; but as occasionally elsewhere, so here I cite a passage from them by way of illustration. St. Paul, who was so earnest a liver and so profound a thinker, writes: "For we know that if the earthly house of our bodily frame be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven; if so be that, being clothed, we shall not be found naked, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life." The main thought is exactly that for which I have been contending.

Still, the question of immortality is so very important to every one, that we must call all the witnesses we can to testify in its favour.

It seems difficult to believe in my living apart from my body, but one reason for this feeling is,

that they have been so long associated together, that it feels as though I could not imagine them apart the one from the other; and also that it appears impossible for me to exist apart from matter. But if we think about the subject for a few moments, respecting soul and body in their true relations to each other, the wonder will be that they could ever have been so closely associated together as they have been. We must remember that the universe is spiritual. It is only a thought of the Creator. Express it in any manner you choose, it comes to the same thing. He spake, and it was done. It is incapable of any origination from within. In its Creator alone it lives, and moves, and has its being. The world is to me in thought what I make it; and in this sense I am the creator of my own world, and thus the material world becomes the garment of the soul. So if I have regal thoughts, I have regal robes; and if beggar's thoughts, beggar's rags. Therefore it is no wonder that thoughtful, earnest men like Leibnitz, Spinoza, Kant, Berkeley and the whole idealistic school of thought believed the outer world ideal only. Consequently the soul's natural state appears to be apart from the body. These bodily robes are heavy, and fetter our freedom and cause us many a time to groan; thus we long to cast them off, and put on those spirit robes which we shall yet have, and which will serve our spirit's needs more efficiently than do the trammels of our

earthly body. Thus it is the old *Ego* working in new categories, not unclothed but clothed upon.

But be the difficulty what it may, the immortality of the soul has been accepted as a belief that has been held in all ages, and in all countries—savage and civilized; under many a guise, in many a varied form, debased by many a superstition, but still it is there to testify to its celestial origin. When we refer to Egypt we find immortality in very definite form. *The Book of the Dead*, to which I have already referred, is literally saturated with the doings of the soul in a future state. The desire of union with Osiris was the dying hope of all Egyptians. Almost every grave inscription speaks of the deceased as having "passed over to union with Osiris." The entrance into heaven is thus described: "I am united with the radiant, noble and wise spirits of the underworld. I have come to the world of radiant spirits, and I have appeared in the door of this lorldly land." The dead, as he feels himself purified and freed from evil, exclaims: "No more stain from my mother! I am delivered from sin. All the stains which I keep are what I have done against the Master of Eternity since I went forth from my mother's womb!" More than many Christians of the present day, the Egyptians lived in the life invisible. His grandest dwellings were for the dead.

How carefully he preserved his body for the future is shown by one monarch, who kept 400,000 men at work for twenty years building his tomb.

The symbolism of the last great judgment for men, "the day of the account of world," as the ancient inscriptions call it, is well known on Egyptian monuments. The dead are brought before the great Judge of the dead, Osiris. Thoth registers the sentence, and the virtuous are acquitted and united to their Lord.

Coming to classic Greece or Rome, we question Homer, Zenophon, Plato, Socrates, and they all bear testimony to the same conviction. This was the belief of Socrates and Plato: "Well, then, the soul so prepared departs into that invisible region which is of its own nature—the region of the Divine, the Immortal, the Wise; and then its lot is to be happy in a state in which it is freed from fears and wild desries, and the other evils of humanity, and spends the rest of its existence with the gods." The last words of Socrates best show his faith:—

"You, too, O judges, it behoves to be of good hope about death, and to believe that this at least is true—that there can no evil befall a good man whether he be alive or dead, nor are his affairs uncared for by the gods."

I am glad to be able to call these heathen as witnesses, because there are so many in the present

day who say that these doctrines are distinctly Christian, and have for their only authority the statements of Scripture. We have seen how false that is; that they have for their authority the *à priori* affirmations of human consciousness. He who denies them may as well deny the consciousness of his own existence. Christianity does indeed give most valuable aid in explaining, enforcing and illustrating these facts. The doctrines peculiar to Christianity in their essence, if there be any such, are not referred to here. Although a most sincere believer in the Holy Scriptures, I must confess I do not know any such. The nearest approach to such is the doctrine of the Trinity, and even this has a foundation in our nature. We catch a glimpse of this doctrine in the Hindu trinity of Indra, Agni, and Varuna, together in the Om, or supreme soul.

I can scarcely be called credulous for saying I am assured of my life after death, when I am confirmed in my belief by so great a cloud of witnesses :—

"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to Man."

There is yet a further confirmation of my immortality which amounts to a moral demonstration. It is the beautiful law of correlation, that every instinct has its counterpart in nature to respond to it. Or every want in nature is a prophecy of its natural fulfilment. A wing is prophetic of air, an eye of light, an ear of sound, a perception of the beautiful is beauty, the instinct of migration amongst birds, of a south to fly to. If I find a number of watch wheels, I presume their end or purpose is a watch; if not that, what? Is this correlation to hold as far as man, and there cease?

Supposing there be no hereafter, what a dilemma am I placed in! On the one hand, I have this longing for immortality, with the conviction that the longing shall be justified; but if there be no hereafter, for what purpose is the longing there? Only to deceive, delude and cheat me? My experience of myself is such as to bid me look for a life of greater fulness and nobler possibilities on the other side of death. Human nature possesses potentialities which seek another sphere for their exercise. Beautiful as this world is, it is not the whole of the ideal. The thoughtful man feels himself to be a sojourner on this earth. I feel it impossible to think that noble and ignoble alike find the cessation of their activities in the grave. Am I to go on working, toiling, suffering, struggling onwards, upwards, heavenwards all my life, to sink at last into

nothingness without one bright beam of hope. In such a case, what an intolerable curse would life be! What a break in the order of the universe—the greatest lie in all creation! But if, on the other hand, I can take to my heart the rational conviction that this is but the vestibule and the future the temple, that through the portals of the grave I shall pass from the dark exterior to undimming glory within, all would be transfigured. It would give a man courage to bear every trouble, and to face every adversity in the path of duty and of rightness, knowing that it will be only for a little time, and that he has all eternity to carry on his desires and ambitions, and enter more fully into the purposes of his Creator :—

> "My own dim life should teach me this :
> That life shall live for evermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is."

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